

1955-56

M. McDONALD





*The*  
**TRICOLOR**  
*1955-56*

THE STUDENTS OF STRATHCONA  
COMPOSITE HIGH SCHOOL  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE  
THE EIGHTEENTH EDITION OF  
THE TRICOLOR  
TO THE FIRST GRADUATES  
OF THIS NEW SCHOOL

Editor:

SHEENA McKEE

Co-Editors:

DEE DEE OLSON

HENRY LABERCANE

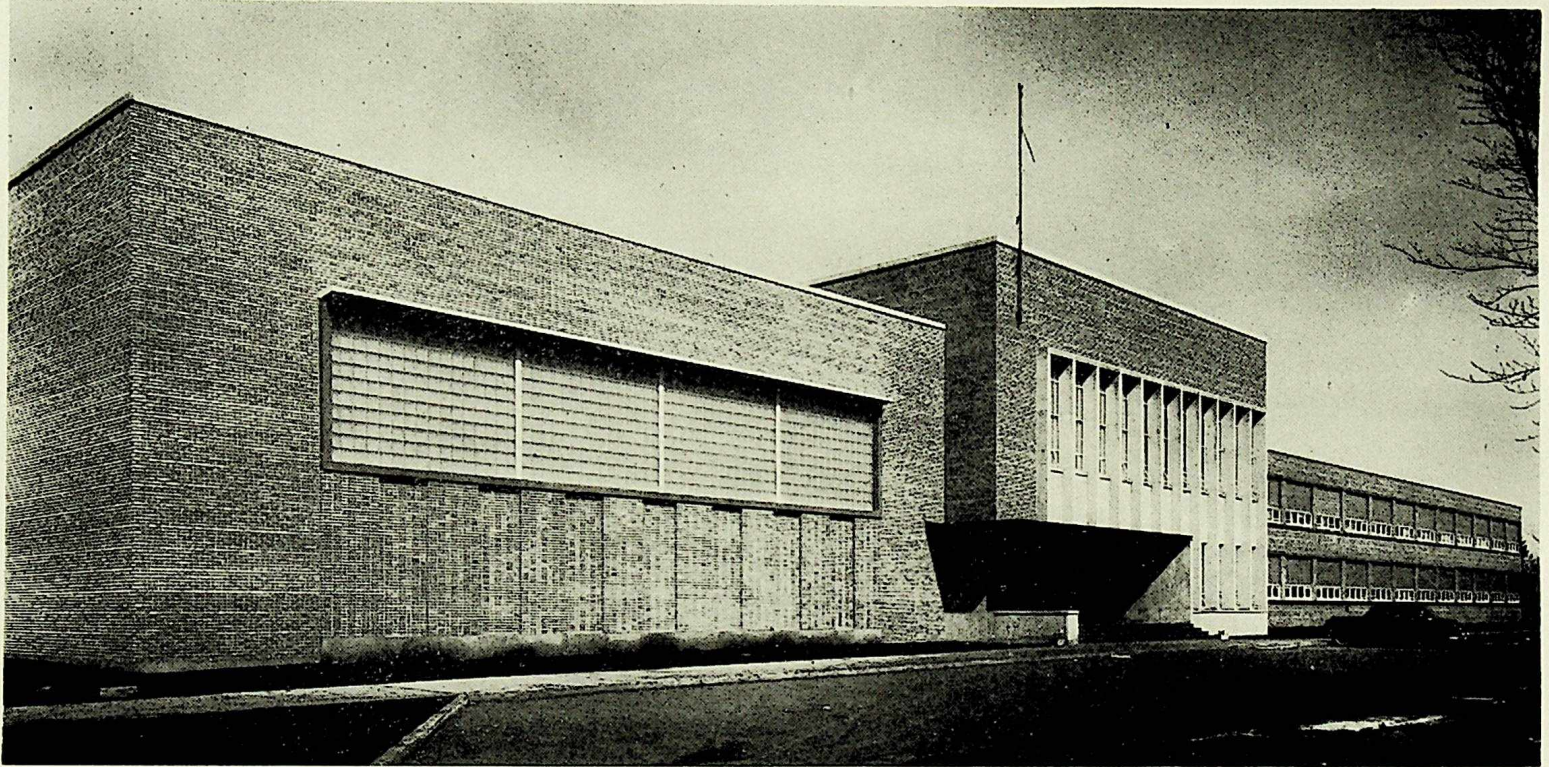
Staff Advisors:

MR. R. E. HOUGLUND

MR. J. W. BRIGGS

*18th Edition*





### STRATHCONA COMPOSITE HIGH SCHOOL

Another new and beautiful building provided by the Edmonton Public School Board to accommodate the increasing number of High School students. We are proud of our school.

Constructed by CHRISTENSEN AND MACDONALD LTD.



## THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



Half a century ago, Strathcona High School opened in a handsome brick building on 84th Avenue. It was and still is a landmark. Through the years the school established an excellent record, scholastically and otherwise. As time went on, the building became outmoded and outgrown.

Today the school, with Composite added to its title, makes formal entry into a new building, firm in the belief that the records and traditions of the past will be maintained and multiplied.

This is a magnificent building. It is not elaborate but it is beautiful in its honest construction and adaptation to its purpose. This is fitting; schools should be housed in noble buildings.

In ancient times, men built great temples and vast tombs. They were designed to impress people with the ideas behind them.

In the Middle Ages, Europeans built towering cathedrals to the glory of God; for men should be aware constantly of the immortality of their souls.

In our day, we build great temples to commerce, industry and government, and sometimes to peace. These are the interests which dominate and impress us. Among these it is fitting that we should build monuments to education, even if lesser ones, to show that we appreciate the value of schools.

We, the pupils and teachers in this school are grateful to many people for this monument to the worth of education. We are grateful to the people of this city for their faith and to the members of the Edmonton Public School Board for their leadership. We thank the officers of the board, the architects, the contractors and the men who did the work.

D. R. INNES,  
PRINCIPAL,

STRATHCONA COMPOSITE HIGH SCHOOL.

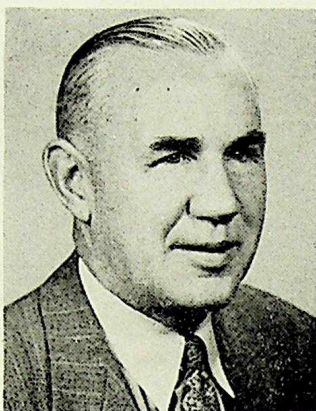




D. R. INNES, M.A.  
PRINCIPAL



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R. A. McNAUGHT, B.A.  
Assistant Principal



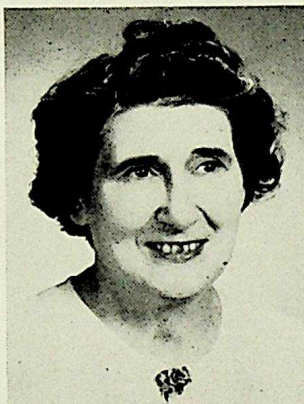
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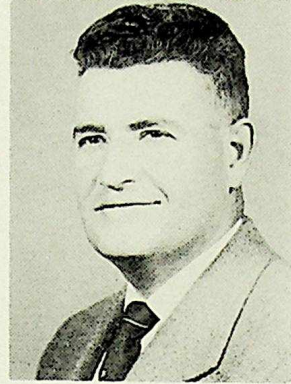
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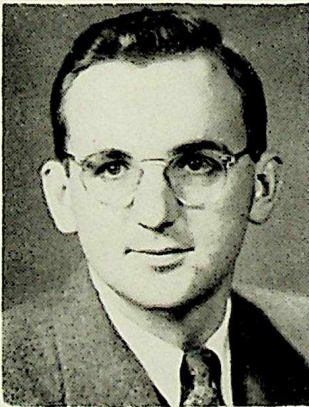
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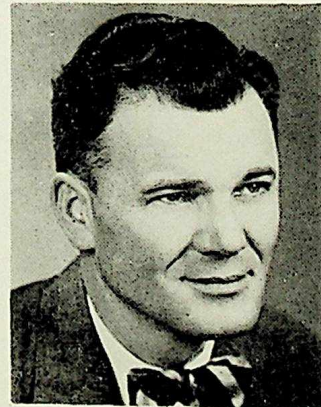
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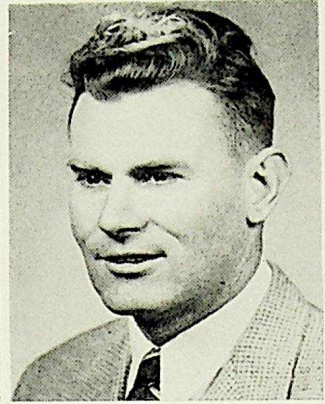
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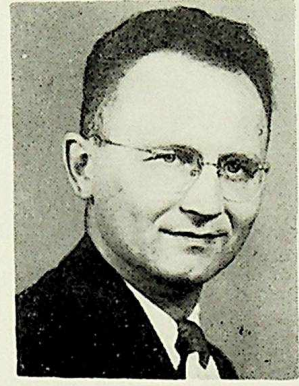
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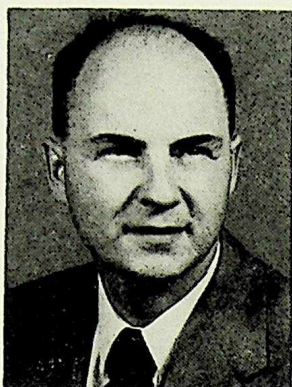
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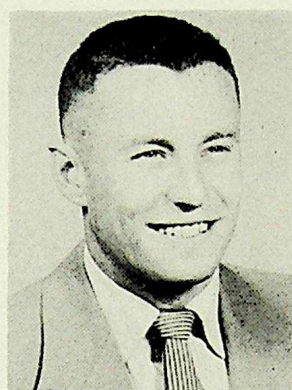
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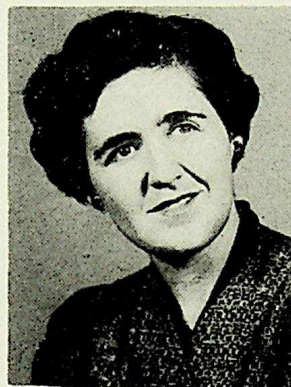
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Study Supervisor



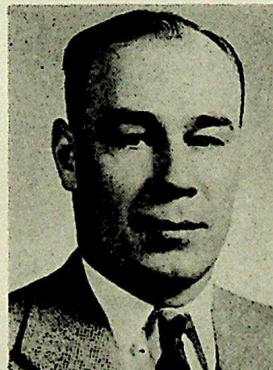
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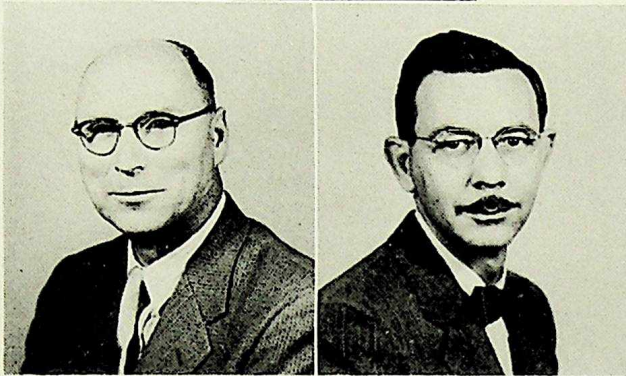
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Head Caretaker



# TRICOLOR



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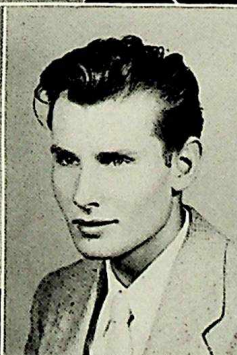
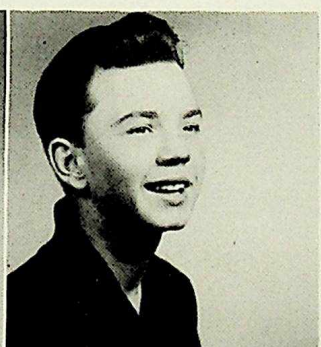


# EXECUTIVE

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HENRY LABERCANE  
DEE DEE OLSON  
Co-Editors



Darlene Albiston, Joan Anderson, Grant Morrison, X, XI, XII Representatives; Carolyn Smith, Girls' Sports Editor; Rod Heise, Boys' Sports Editor; Melvin Henderson, Jokes Editor; Bill Hominuke, Drama Editor.



## EDITORIAL

We, the Tricolor staff, dedicate the 1955-56 edition of the Tricolor to this year's Graduands, the first Graduands of the new Strathcona Composite High School. In doing so, we sincerely wish success and happiness to all the students who will write their final Grade XII examinations in June.

Graduands come in all sizes and shapes. There are the heroes and the hero-worshippers, the athletes and the loungers, the big ones and the short ones, the "just average" students and the academic award winners. The latter are the people who by their application and industry hoist the class average to the crow's nest, and help make this a year of satisfaction and accomplishment even for those on the lower deck.

Many years from now, when the cares of the world have perhaps engulfed our Graduands, it is our hope that by re-reading the pages of this Year Book they will recall happy memories of Strathcona Composite High School.

The new school, the construction of which commenced in 1953, was officially opened on the 26th of January, 1956, by the Honourable E. C. Manning, Premier of Alberta. Mr. D. R. Innes, the principal of old Strathcona High School was appointed Principal of the new school. With Mr. Innes, there were appointed to the teaching staff nearly 40 teachers, some that the students had known at the old school, others who were new to everyone. All our teachers, who worked hard on our behalf, will be gratefully remembered by the Graduands of this memorable first year. Nor will we forget the student teachers, the workmen, the caretakers, and the office staff who played their part in the busy life of our school.

Now, let us look forward to the future with confidence, happy to have been the first graduates and to have shared in the launching of a new school whose own future seems so bright. This thought was ably expressed by the Hon. Anders O. Aalborg on the occasion of the formal opening when he said:

"This splendid new school will provide for its students a rich and varied program of learning. Here in this attractive environment, under a competent staff, with the very best equipment and facilities, students may feel confident that they are acquiring a sound foundation either for further training at the University or for skilled service in business and industry. Here they may acquire good habits of work, the power of organized thinking and valuable experience in dealing justly with one another. Here they may develop those skills that will enable them to serve the technical and clerical needs of our province. Here they may explore the academic fields of science, mathematics and literature, and the world of human affairs. They will carry on the fine school spirit of Strathcona, and bring together their various backgrounds, interests and purposes into a common society. They will attack its problems working together and we shall hope that in so doing they will develop the competence, the sense of responsibility and the tolerance so essential to good citizenship."

—Sheena McKee, Editor.



## TRICOLOR STAFF



Back Row: Gary Johnstone, Bill Hominuke, Bill Magee, Harry Beleshko, Rod Heise, Henry Labercane, Roger Cumming, Grant Morrison.

Centre Row: Shirley Slutsky, Sharon Cantor, Darlene Albiston, Amaryllis Eaton, Deanna Shandro, Margaret McDonald, Louise Bayly, Mona Grindley, Joan Anderson, Carol Skelton.

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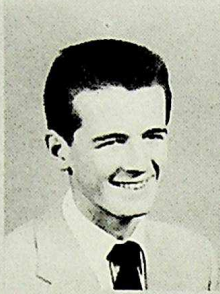
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BOB COYLE  
PRESIDENT

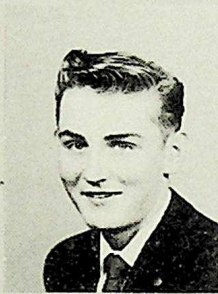


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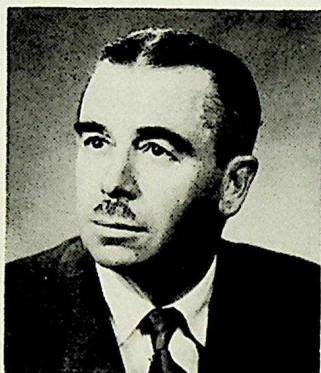


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ATHLETIC COMMITTEE





BOB COYLE  
President



MR. D. R. INNES  
Honorary President



MISS J. I. SOPER  
Assistant Advisor



MR. R. McNAUGHT  
Advisor

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

In a short time the first year in our new school will come to a close. At this time I would like to express my appreciation to those who have made this a year of many worthwhile accomplishments. We will certainly have many pleasant memories of it.

Although Scona Comp. did not win any championships, her athletic teams were top contenders in every field they entered.

The social events were successful from the point of view of entertainment and income and were enjoyed by the majority of the students.

For their helpful advice I would like to extend thanks to Miss Soper and Mr. McNaught. They have given many hours of their time in making this year a successful one. Of course, all our successes reflect the discreet judgment and able administration of our principal, Mr. Innes.

I am sure that the new, modern facilities, especially the recreation wing with its elaborate auditorium and gymnasium were appreciated by all. The academic wings could not want for more. They have equipment throughout which is as good as the best in use anywhere.

Scona Comp. students cannot help but progress academically, athletically and socially in the coming years.

Finally, I would like to say that this past year has been one of many pleasant experiences and that it has been a great honor to have been president of such a fine group of students.

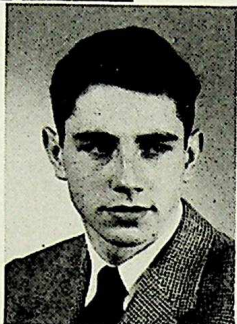
—Bob Coyle, President.



# GRAD CLASS



MR. M. ROOKWOOD  
Advisor



GARTH VALLELY  
President



JOENA HAMPTON  
Valedictorian

## VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Graduation marks a memorable climax in the lives of us all. It is a point to which we have eagerly looked forward since our first year at school; yet, now that we have reached this point our ambitions and desires have once more been thrust into the future.

As the first graduands of Strathcona Composite High School, our actions in the future are of special significance because they will set a precedent or standard by which all following students will be judged. Therefore, it is important that we clearly understand what high school has meant to us.

The rewards we have reaped are so many that it is impossible to acknowledge them all at this time; however, some of them must go no longer without receiving their due appreciation. Throughout our entire school career we have been tirelessly urged along by teachers whose patience and understanding we have never seen proper to acknowledge. To them the best tribute we can pay is a successful life in the future. To our many rich friendships, which have been cultivated over the years we are also gratefully indebted.

In leaving all of these experiences behind us, we must not forget that wherever we go or whatever we do, the influence of our high school education will always be present. It has inevitably woven its knowledge into the texture of our characters so as to make them as they are, either for better or for worse. It has built up our confidence and capability to the necessary level for complete enjoyment and success in the future. Likewise, that intangible factor referred to as school spirit has played a major part in our lives. It has stimulated our thoughts in academic work and it has lent vigor to our sports activities. Now, this same spirit will go on to make of us the alert citizens which are so necessary to a better world.

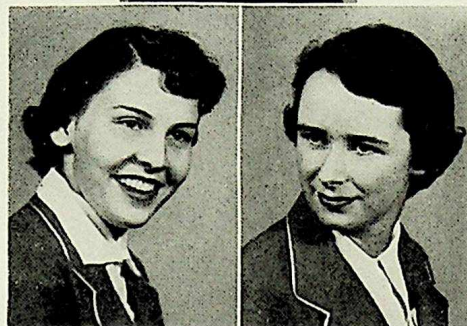
Therefore, when we look back on this great experience in our lives, we will do so with pride and with the sense of a job well done, and then we will turn to face the future smiling, confident that following us are new graduands of Strathcona Composite High School aspiring to the standards which we have set.

—Joena Hampton, Valedictorian.



# EXECUTIVE

AMARYLLIS EATON  
Secretary



DOROTHY FOLKMAN    BARBARA CAMPBELL  
Vice President    Treasurer

## CLASS HISTORY

Mr. Chairman, Honored Guests, and Fellow Students: When one is asked to speak at a graduation ceremony his speech is usually one of farewell, but the graduating class of 1956 is not saying farewell. Please don't be alarmed, we do intend to graduate, but the memories of Strathcona Composite will always be with us—one does not say goodbye to memories.

From a decade ago, memories of grade one—the bewitched, bothered, bewildered feeling returned once more in grade ten. Under a shell of false confidence, scarcely hiding the uneasiness and fright, we ran the first mile, initiation, wearing perfectly ridiculous costumes—doing preposterous “joe-jobs” for grade twelves and climaxed by the Frosh Dance.

High School years moved at an exciting pace! Recall the Drama Club with its “Scona Follies”; football with the annual beating by “Vic” and a variety of activities befitting the most versatile High School in the city.

Suddenly we had arrived in grade eleven. The second year of high school was perhaps more fun than any other year. We knew more people—we did less work—we weren't so young and naive any more. Scona saw “Junior Miss” that year—a great hit. U.H.S. let their hair grow and produced “The Scarecrow”. Exams came inevitably like death and taxes.

This September we found ourselves in a new school, only partly finished. The Home Economics room became Mr. Radomsky's chemistry lab, the cafeteria a study hall. In the chaos of organization, classes were thrown in for fun. Out of this inevitable situation in an unfinished school came controlled activity due largely to one man, Mr. Innes.

Then on Frosh Day we handed out the punishment to the little grade tens. Grade twelves from Scona Composite had the cleanest shoes and cars in Edmonton that day.

The rest of the year was packed full of fun with dances, the annual February formal and another great hit, “The Skin of Our Teeth”. We felt a little older though when we realized that as seniors this was our last year in school—the last time we would see these teachers who had done so much to mould our characters.

It has been a wonderful three years—especially so because this Graduating Class has at least one first to its credit that no one else will ever have. We are the first Graduating Class of Strathcona Composite High School.

—Catherine Manning, Class Historian.



CATHERINE MANNING  
Historian



## GRADUATES



### DARLENE ALBISTON

Darlene's favorite saying is "Oh, I wouldn't say that!" She likes skating, food and sports. Darlene dislikes Monday mornings and conceited people. Her ambition is to take nursing at the U. of A.

### AL ANDERSON

Al's destination is the U. of A., where he will study aeronautical engineering. He likes girls, dislikes homework, student teachers and French 30. He is interested in sports and playing the trumpet. His favorite saying is "That's the most to say the least!"



### ERIC ARLIDGE

The Canadian Army as soon as he can get out of Grade 12 is this boy's ambition. He likes playing the drums, sports of all kinds, making friends, writing and good food. His favorite saying is "Watch out, I bite!"

### JIM BAKER

Jim hopes to take Electrical Engineering but right now he just wants to fool Mr. Radomsky by passing Chemistry 30 with honors. In his spare time, Jim plays in the Edmonton Schoolboys' Band.

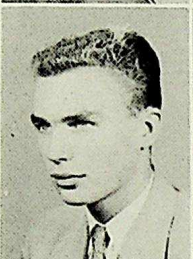


### EVELYN BARTZ

"Yat gotta be fast, anybody can be slow," is Evelyn's favorite saying. She likes Western music, all sports; dislikes people who can't take a joke. Evelyn wants to be a private secretary.

### LOUISE BAYLEY

"Hi! Sorry I'm late!" is Louise's favorite saying. To join the Navy is her ambition and she is active in Young People's, Bowling, Swimming and Reading. Her pet peeve is writing essays.



### KEITH BECKER

Keith took the first years of his High School in B.C. but is happy to be back in Alberta and especially in Strathcona Composite. His ambition is to study Engineering at U. of A.

### MARION BENTLEY

Marion's destination is to get married eventually. Her ambition is to own a trailer and travel. Her interests are squaredancing, bowling and Young People's. Marion likes jiving and watching T.V. Favorite saying: "That bugs me!"



### ERICH A. BERENDT

Guess what! Erich received an academic award in Grade 11. Favorite saying: "Ach du lieber zeit." He likes cooking, classical music and reading. He says his ambition is a secret desire. Any ideas?

### CHRISTINE BRAY

Christine's ambition is to be an X-ray technician at the University Hospital. To Chris "there is no place like Scona Composite High". Her interests are piano, skating and one boy in particular. Chris likes dancing and Chinese food; dislikes L'il Abner.



### ANITA BREIER

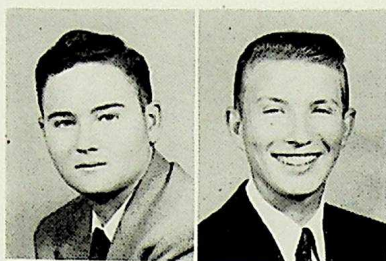
Ambition: to be an X-ray technician and travel around the world. She plays Badminton and Basketball. She likes sports, music and travel; dislikes cooking and homework.

### SHARON ROSE BRICKER

Sharon hopes to be an interior decorator. Her destination is New York City. Her interests are water skiing, football and hockey. She likes Chinese food, clothes and some boys; dislikes "show-offs". Her favorite saying, "Promise!"



## GRADUATES



### CLIFFORD BRISTOW

Clifford wants to become a petroleum engineer. His interests include bowling, hunting and fishing. He likes women, easy tests and holidays. His one dislike would seem to be homework.

### CARMAN BROOKS

This young man's ambition is to attend the University to become a dentist. His interests include girls, hockey, De Molay, curling and music. "How's your wife?" is his favorite saying.



### LORRAINE BUZINSKY

Lorraine's destination is Business College so that she can become a secretary. Her interests are Cheerleading, Edmonton Symphony usher, society, bowling, jiving, and Red Cross. She dislikes snooty people and cutting up worms for biology. Her favorite saying: "Guess who I hope to see today!"

### BARBARA CAMPBELL

Clothes, Y-teens, football players, dancing, football games and parties are Barbara's main interests. Her plan for the future is a small white cottage for two. Her favorite saying is "Pretty sharp".



### SHARON CANTOR

To invent a spot remover for leopards is Sharon's ambition and she hopes her destination is Heaven. She dislikes fancy food but likes boys who can dance. Her favorite saying is "Tell me too".

### BILL CARLSON

Bill hopes to get through high school and to see the world before settling down. Bill likes girls and cars and has no dislikes. His favorite saying: "Burn".



### ALEX CARR

Alex' ambition is to get through high school. His favorite saying is, "Have you seen Marge anywhere?" He likes food and weekends but dislikes studying. His interests include basketball, football, swimming, dance club and Students' Council.

### TILLIE CHALICE

This friendly gal is interested in dancing, sports, cheerleading, Tricolor, boys and jazz music. Her ambition is to get through Math. 30 and to become a pharmacist. She dislikes shrimps and oysters.



### JOAN CHAPMAN

Joan's ambition is to finish Grade 12 and then take nursing. Joan is interested in most sports. She likes dancing and Chinese food. Her dislikes are people who talk while T.V. is on. Her favorite saying: "Oh man".

### EMILY CLARKE

"What? Oh fudge!" is Emily's favorite saying. She enjoys squaredancing, Young People's and bowling, but squeaky shoes irritate her. To go to business college and to travel are her hopes for the future.



### DOUG COMFORT

Doug's ambition is to pass Math. 30. His interests are football, dance club and blondes. His dislikes include Monday mornings, working and cold potatoes. He likes parties and spending money.

### MARLYN CONN

The ambition of this Sconaite is to pass English 30. Her interests include volleyball and bowling. She likes olives and real "hot" jazz and her dislikes are conceited boys and snooty girls.



## GRADUATES



### DON CORNBOROUGH

Don's interests seem to be mainly girls, especially blondes, redheads, and brunettes. Favorite saying is, "Hi! Doll!"

### OLIVE CORNELIUS

Olive's ambition for the future is to be an occupational therapist. She likes boys, square dancing, and good times. Olive dislikes drapes and crew cuts.



### BEV COTTRELL

Bev dislikes homework, cold weather, chemistry, and nosey people. His likes include money, good food, girls, cars, modern music, sports, travelling, and watching T.V. Bev's ambition is to be a chartered accountant.

### BOB COYLE

Bob, our Students' Union president, takes an active interest in all sports, especially swimming, for which he won an award. He wants a job in the oil industry in order to see the world. Quiet girls, cars, Friday basketball games, and chemistry, are his favorite topics of conversation.



### ROGER CUMMING

Roger, who has won an academic award, hopes to go to university. His interests are sports, music, and television, while he dislikes study and people who borrow money.

### JUNE DALBY

June hopes to be a good secretary after she finishes business school. She dislikes parsnips and brush cuts, but enjoys angel food, swimming, dancing, Y-teens, and the Dance Club.



### SHARON DARNELL

Sharon hopes to take a Nursing course at the University Hospital and her ambition is to raise a football team. She likes sports, Y-teens, Bob, Chinese food and dancing, but dislikes letter-writing, homework and moking the lawn. Favorite saying, "One of these days".

### JIM DINGEY

Jim likes curling, hockey, and tinkering with cars that won't run. He is often heard saying, "How is she going?" Engineering at University is his ambition.



### GERALD DIXON

Gerald hopes to take law at University, but his secret ambition is to be a commercial artist. He enjoys Pogo,, art, bowling, and collecting records.

### DAVE DOULL

Dave hopes to graduate this year, go to university, and then see the world as an engineer. He likes music, sports, girls, and travelling, but dislikes prejudiced people.



### JOAN DUGGAN

Jean likes jiving and parties, and her interests include tumbling, music, sports, and dancing. She feels her probable destination will be a Health and Recreation leader.

### AMARYLLIS EATON

The Yearbook, Newspaper, I.S.C.F., Girl Guides, and Drama leave little spare time for this Sconaite. Her ambition is to take nursing at the University Hospital and then be a T.C.A. stewardess. Pink is her favorite color, and she enjoys summers in Banff.



## GRADUATES



### JO-ANN EINBLAU

Jo-Ann's destination is to get married and her ambition is to be a secretary. Her interests are skating at Lakeview, dancing, football games and boys.



### JAMES ELSENER

James' destination is U. of B.C. for one year and then to Spain for three years to attend University of Madrid. Favorite saying, "Down your glimmers and ketch the most".



### CAROL EVENSON

Friday nights and money are Carol's favorites. Her dislikes are Mondays and porridge. Carol is Vice President of Scona Comp. and Social Editor of Tricolor. To become a teacher is this blonde's ambition. An academic and service award are to her credit.



### DANIEL FEARON

To pass Chem. 30, to visit the Windward Islands and to retire at 25 are Dan's ambitions. He likes good food, music,,, reading and substitute teachers. His dislikes include homework and cold weather.



### BOB FERGUSON

Bob would like to become an aeronautical engineer and hopes to attend U. of Toronto. His interests include sports, chess, dancing, cars, aircraft, and girls. Skinny girls in blue jeans are his one dislike. "Hey kiddo" is his favorite saying.



### DOROTHY FOLKMAN

Dorothy's interests include jiving, collecting records, basketball, drama club, Young people's, church choir and playing the piano. Her ambition is to take nursing at University Hospital. Her favorite saying is "Why don't you take a trip to the moon?"



### JOHN FRANZ

John likes all kinds of people and his one dislike is girls in black jackets and jeans. His interests include hunting and other sports. Passing Chem. 30 is his ambition.



### LAURA FRANZ

Chocolate cake and ice cream are Laura's weaknesses. She dislikes spinach and murder stories. Her interests are outdoor sports, playing the piano and cooking. Her ambition is nursing.



### JIM FRAZER

Jim's ambition is to be a chartered accountant. His interests include watching sports,, playing hockey and skating. In Grades X and XI he won academic awards. Favorite saying? "Somebody goofed."



### BERNICE GARRETT

Bernice's ambition is to get married. She likes a tall, brown haired boy from Old Scona, and her favorite saying is, "Is that right?" Her interests include football and fishing.



### BRUCE GOODALL

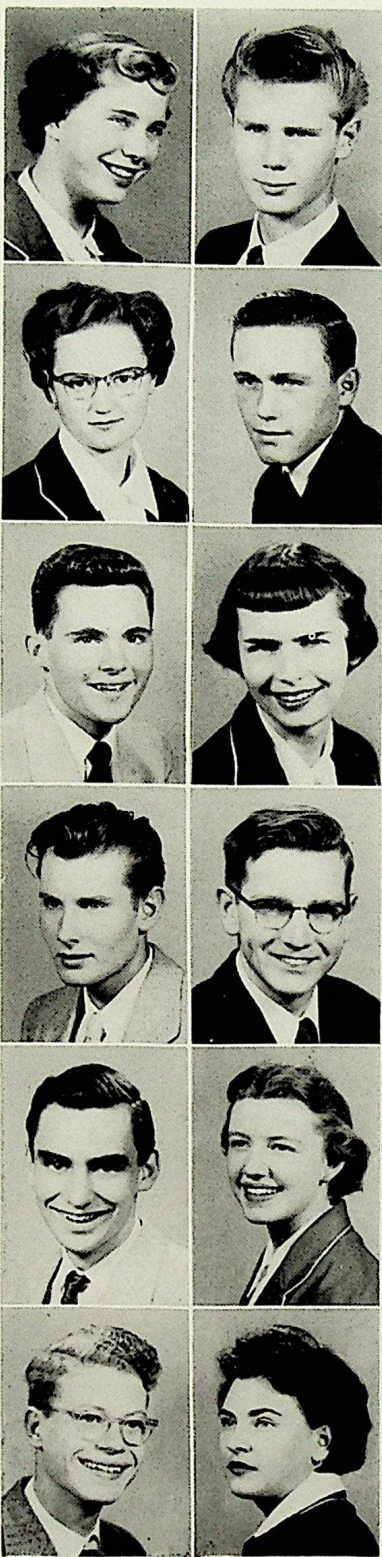
Bruce's destination is Engineering at U. of A. He is interested in hunting, fishing and hockey. His ambition is to find a pie as big as a washtub. "Substitute this for that" is his favorite saying. He dislikes student teachers and homework.

### ANN GOUTHRO

"Come on and jive," is Ann's pet phrase. To be a chartered accountant is her ambition. She is interested in modelling, Y-teens, choir work and dancing. Getting up in the morning is her pet peeve.



## GRADUATES



### MONA GRINDLEY

Mona's ambition is to get her B.Sc. in nursing. Her interests centre around badminton and bowling. She likes watching T.V. but dislikes working. Mona's favorite saying is "I'm hungry".

### FRED GROSSMAN

Fred wants to be a school teacher. His interests include dancing, skating, football, basketball, and bowling, foot, money and gum. He dislikes homework, Chemistry and crowded buses.

### JEAN GUNDERSON

Jean plans to be a private secretary. She dislikes homework (don't we all!) and people who can't see the lighter side. Wants to visit the U.S. and Brazil.

### ARMAND HAINE

Armand plans to go to university and take a course in accounting. He likes people who always agree with what he says and people who have a friendly attitude. Hates school and English 30.

### BILL HALFORD

Sports head Bill's list of interests but he is also fond of sea stories. Bill would like to be a chartered accountant or a professional curler. His life ambition is to find a million dollars. His favorite saying is, "I'm not mad—yet".

### JOENA HAMPTON

Joena's foremost ambitions are to be a geologist and to visit Hawaii. She won academic awards in X, XI and XII and was awarded a U.N. scholarship in the Banff School of Fine Arts. Her favorite saying is, "They ought to bottle that up and send it to Russia".

### ROD HEISE

Rod's ambition is to graduate from High School and take English at the U. of A. He likes girls, good music, sports, but does not care for homework, bleached blondes or smeary lipstick. He played senior football, basketball and other sports. "Fermes la Bouche!" is his favorite saying.

### DWIGHT HELGASON

Dwight's ambition is to go to Varsity. His interests include sports. He won academic awards in Grades X and XI.

### MELVIN HENDERSON

Mel's ambition is to finish Grade XII. He likes banana cream pie but dislikes serious thinkers and dog food. If you hear someone say, "Anyone hear a good joke?" you'll know it's Mel.

### SHARON HILL

Sharon's destination is nursing at the Royal Alex Hospital. She likes books, skating, music and pumpkin pie. She doesn't care for conceited people or waiting for the Ritchie bus. Favorite saying is "Oh gum drop!"

### MARTIN HOCKING

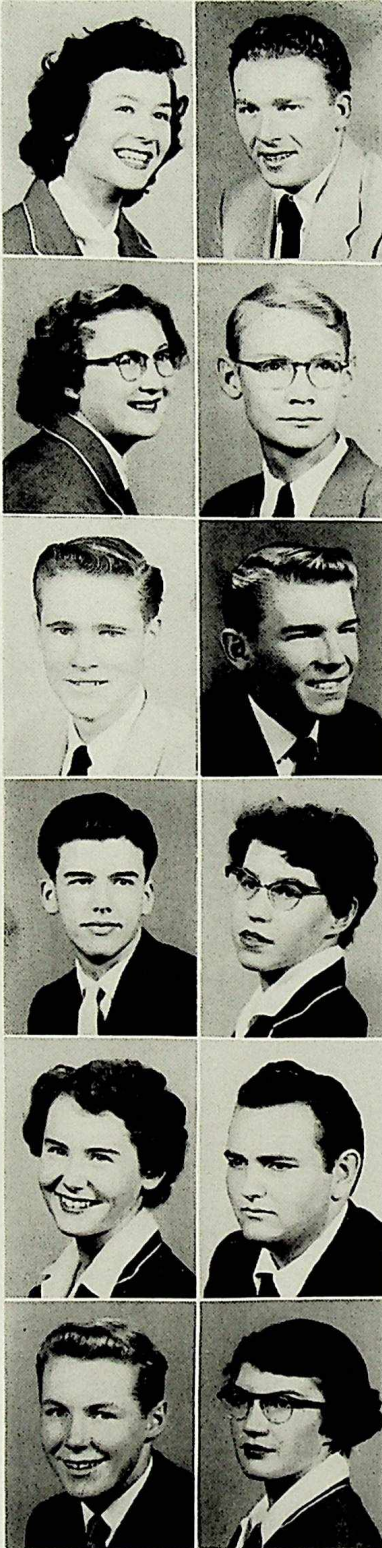
Martin's interests include swimming, camping and model building. Likes to travel but doesn't care for irregular French verbs. His ambition is to be a chemical engineer.

### ELORA HOPPE

Elora's destination is the U. of A. To travel to the South Sea Islands and Europe is her ambition. She is fond of books, music, T.V., travel and Cadillacs, but does not like school, sea foods or talkative people. Elora won an academic award in Grade XI.



## GRADUATES



### GRETA HOUG

Greta wants to do a lot of travelling. Her interests include painting, horseback riding and swimming. She also likes summer, mountains, dogs and horses but dislikes Western music and grumpy people.

### ALLAN HUBER

Allan is a lad with a big ambition (to buy the Empire State Building) and a small destination (the Unemployment Office). Allan likes cars, girls, lemon pie and money, but dislikes Social 30 and pink clothes.

### BETH JEFFREY

To get through Physics 30 and to become a nurse are Beth's ambitions. Young People's, Tricolor, dancing, playing the piano, bowling, chocolate cake, friendly people, and summers at Banff include most of her likes and interests.

### BILL JOHNSTON

His ambition is to take Electrical Engineering at U. of A. Bill dislikes Social and English but enjoys Math. and Trigonometry. "I did it a different way but got the same answer," is his favorite saying.

### GARY JOHNSTONE

Garry's ambition is to pass Physics 30, then become a neuro-surgeon. He enjoys fast cars, girls (plural), dances, and records by Glen Millar and Louis Armstrong. Favorite saying "What do you want, blood?"

### DENNIS KADATZ

When you hear "What's her name?" you know Dennis is around. This boy wants to take Physical Education at the University of Alberta. His ambition is to get through Grade 12 in one year.

### KEN KENDRICK

Ken's main interests are Val, girls, travelling, skating and music. Ken feels his probable destination is to get lost in the uncharted sea of the unknown.

### JOY KISIL

Joy's ambition is to become a commercial artist and her destination is to take an X-ray Technician's course at the University Hospital. Her interests are music, art, swimming, bowling, skating, cheer-leading and baseball.

### PATRICIA KLINCK

To travel is Pat's ambition. She is fond of horseback riding, skating, bowling, badminton, reading and music. Pat dislikes people who are too buried in books to be interesting. She wants to go to the University of Alberta.

### DICK KNOTT

His friends call him "Rico" and he wants to be an aeronautical engineer. He likes cars, some girls, sports and money but dislikes most girls, school, and long winters. Favorite saying: "Still got high gear".

### DON KNOWLES

Don's destination is U. of A. where he will study law. He dislikes English teachers, but he likes T.V., food and teachers who do not give homework. Don's favorite saying is, "if at first you don't succeed, let George do it".

### JUDITH KOLOTYLUK

Judith enjoys petit point, singing( dancing, movies and dislikes homework and the color mauve. To tour Europe and then to enter Varsity for her B.Sc. in nursing are Judith's ambitions.

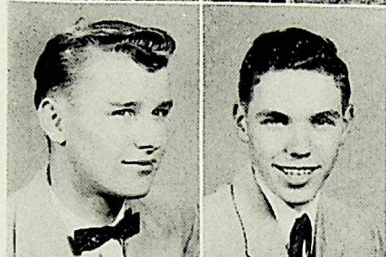


## GRADUATES



### LORETTA KYLE

Loretta's most used saying is, "Dad, may I have the car?" Her likes include bowling, basketball, volleyball, skating, detective stories, and cars. Loretta's ambition is to obtain her B.Sc. in Nursing.



### DENNIS LARSON

Dennis' ambition is to be a flight engineer and his destination is to be an electrical technician in aviation. Dennis' interests are chess, curling, bowling. His likes are sports, shows and food, but he dislikes working. Awards: High School Provincial Bowling Championship. Favorite saying, "So what".



### GLEN LECKIE

Basketball and photography are Glen's interests and his ambition is civil engineering. He likes money and his favorite saying is "Have you got your physics done?"



### HANK LEENDERS

Hank's interests include sports, Young People's and I.S.C.F. His ambition is to finish High School and pass Latin 20. Hank likes girls, and studies in the library, but dislikes girls that are always talking and some teachers.



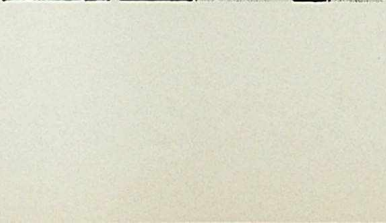
### MARGERY LONGHURST

Margery dislikes boys who wear jeans to school, sardines, and cutting up things in biology. Her likes include cherry sodas, jiving, football and holidays. She wants to be a stenographer in a law office and take a cruise someday.



### ZENIA LUKIANCHUK

To attend the Household Science Department at the U. of A. and get an A.R.C.T. degree in music are Zenie's ambitions. Her favorite saying is "Is that right?" While in Grade 9 she was awarded the Strawberry School Division Scholarship of \$25.



### DOROTHY McCALLUM

To become a good nurse is this girl's worthy ambition. Skiing, bowling, collecting records, murder stories and George Gershwin head Dorothy's likes. She dislikes Biology and Latin.

### MARGARET McDONALD

Margaret is kept busy with I.S.C.F., Young People's, sports and Tricolor. Her ambition is to become a nurse. Margaret's favorite saying is "That's exotic".

### BOB MacDONALD

His ambition is to graduate in Commerce at the U. of A. He likes girls that listen more than they talk and huge pieces of angel food. His special interests are swimming, hockey and basketball.

### JOY McFARLANE

Joy plans to take Education at the University of Alberta if she passes Physics. She is interested in skating, dancing and most sports. Her main ambition is to pass Physics 30. Joy likes clothes and music but dislikes noisy people in the study hall.

### LARRY McMAHON

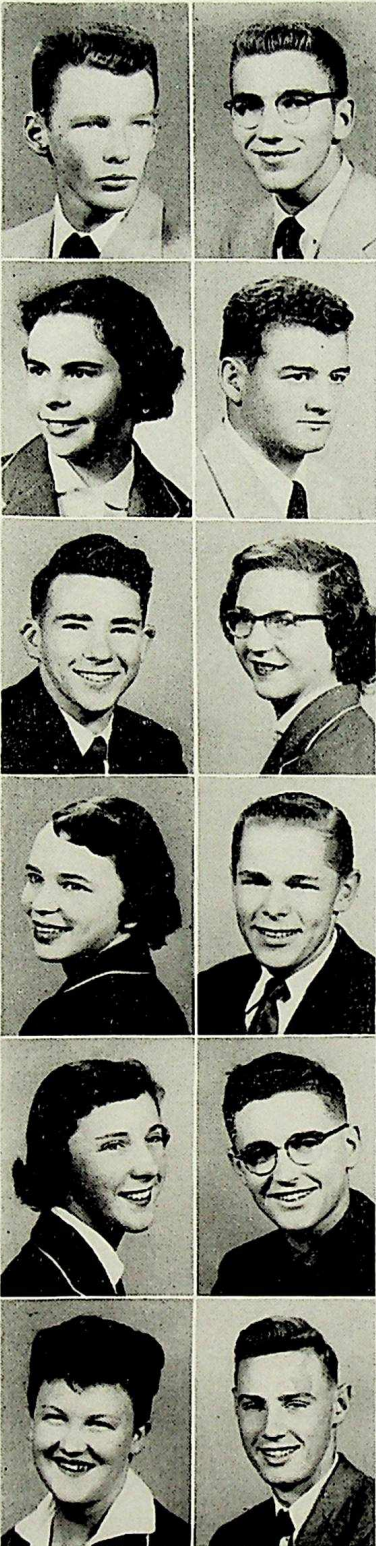
Larry's ambition is to be a millionaire. Hockey and curling are included on his list of likes but he is not fond of conjugating verbs.

### JOHN McNEILL

John's destination is the U. of A. where he will study Pharmacy. Young People's, Students' Council, and De Molay command his interest and he likes girls, money, cars, babysitting.



## GRADUATES



### BILL MAGEE

Bill's interests include sports and Yearbook advertising. Bill won academic awards in X, XI and XII and also a service award in Grade XI. His favorite saying is "Don't worry about it". He would like to attend university.

### HARRY MAGUSS

Engineering at the University of Alberta is Harry's destination. To own a Cadillac is his ambition and his favorite saying is "How is she going?" Harry won an honor award during the 1954-55 term.

### CATHERINE MANNING

For a person whose favorite saying is "I'm so tired", Catherine surely has a big ambition which is to get her B.Sc. in nursing. She hopes to nurse for a while abroad and then get married. Her interests are Y-teens, popular music and golf. She won an academic award in Grade XI.

### LAWRENCE MATHER

Destination is Engineering at the U. of A. but his ambition is to be a jet pilot. His interests include sports, jiving, "wine, women and song". Lawrence dislikes homework and girls who wear jeans but likes jazz, jiving and hotrods.

### JOHN MILLER

John's ambition is to complete Grade XII in one year and then attend U. of A. His interests include De Molay and Met-Teens. He likes girls and Ontario, but does not care for wise guys. Favorite saying is, "Take a run at it".

### EVA MILOBAR

Destination, Varsity, Faculty of Education. Interests, skating and movie stars. Ambition, to travel around the world.

### MARGARET MIX

Margaret's destination is to major in French at the U. of A. Her interests are in I.S.C.F., bowling, Red Cross and Young People's. She likes South Park Motors. Her dislikes are few, Biology, Lab. and cauliflower.

### FRED MOLZAHN

Fred says his destination is uncertain, but he likes cars and girls. His ambition is to become a public accountant, if he passes English 30. Favorite saying is "Ya wanna bet?"

### KATHY MOORE

Kathy's destination is the U. of A. Her ambition is to be a Lab. Technician. Her interests are music and sports, especially golf. She likes B.C. and people, and dislikes cold weather.

### JOHN MURRAY

John, the boy who likes everything and dislikes nothing, intends to join the Army but his ambition is to graduate. His interests are sports, curling and camping. "Whoops" is his favorite saying.

### ILENE NESSEL

Ilene's ambition is to be a secretary or a florist. Dancing, cars, boys and travelling are on her list of likes and she has few dislikes with the exception of stuck-up people.

### CLIFF NEWMAN

Cliff is not sure of his destination, but he hopes to join the R.C.M.P. He is interested in girls and sports in that order. Favorite saying, "Is that right?" Pet hate—girls that giggle. Cliff won an athletic award in 1954-55.



## GRADUATES



### WARREN NGO

Warren's destination is engineering at the U. of A. His ambition is to be a world traveller. Sports, food and money are among his likes but he dislikes people who walk in the middle of the road.

### LUELLA NYKIFORUK

Luella's ambition is to get her B.Sc. in nursing at the U. of A. Her interests are most sports, singing and some boys. She likes skating and dancing and dislikes chocolate pudding.



### WALTER OLNEY

Walter lists his interests as automobiles, the city of Calgary, girls and records. His ambition is to be a first class television technician. "Do you girls want a ride?" is his favorite saying. He is not fond of English, conceited people or empty gas tanks. Walter received a silver cross for water rescue.

### DEE DEE OLSON

Dee Dee's ambition is to get a B.Sc. in nursing. Her many school activities includes Students' Council, co-editor of the Yearbook, newspaper staff (Soc. Editor), swimming and houseleague basketball. Hockey games, clothes and Bob get her approval but she dislikes runny eggs and McMullin's corny remarks. Dee Dee has received a Drama crest and Senior swimming award.



### PAT OLSON

To travel around the world is Pat's ambition. She dislikes snobs and Chinese food, but she enjoys dancing, cheerleading, curling and bowling. Pat is often heard saying, "Honest, is that right?"

### RICHARD OLSON

Specially interested in aircraft, he hopes to own a plane someday. He likes Chinese food, dancing and badminton, but dislikes stuck-up people and pessimists. Favorite saying: "Do you have to know everything?"



### DORIS OSTASHEK

Doris likes dancing, swimming and children. Her favorite saying, "Is that right?" Doris' ambition is to be a teacher.

### DARLENE OSTROM

This cute gal dislikes "Pogo" but likes people. Besides being the leader of the Senior Football cheerleaders this year her interests include jazz, dancing, clothes, Doug and reading. Her ambition is to obtain her doctorate in Psychology at the University. In Grade XI Darlene won an academic award.



### ALTA OTTEVELL

Alta hopes to attend U. of A. and visit Fairbanks, Alaska. She likes horses in general and "Gypsy" in particular. She dislikes stuffy or nosy people. Favorite saying: "I'm too young!"

### VIOLET OVERBO

Violet likes piano jazz, dancing, handcraft, and baseball, apple pie a la mode, and Shakespeare's poetry. Her dislikes are few: winter, chocolate ice cream and the color lime green. Violet's ambition is to be a stenographer.



### HAROLD PALMER

Another of our group already seeking his fortune. We wish him luck in his endeavors.

### CHLOE PARKS

Chloe's destination is to go to the University of Alberta. Her ambition is to get a lot of money. Chloe likes horses, art and cars. She dislikes work. Favorite saying, "You're going to get yours!"



## GRADUATES



### AUDREY PEACOCK

Her many interests include swimming, life-guarding at Elk Island National Park, golf, bowling and shooting. Ambition: to be a world travelling private secretary for the Swimming and Water Safety Society. She dislikes school but is fond of all sports and has won an award of merit and a bronze medallion for swimming.

### JOAN PETRIE

Joan's ambition is to "get my R.N. in three years." She likes money and someone named Doug. Her interests are football, skating and skiing.



### RON PICKARD

Ron is headed for the U.B.C. to take Forestry. His interests range from fishing to cars to girls. His ambition is to be successful. Lots of luck, Ron.

### PHYLLIS PIKE

Phyllis says her destination is comptometry. Her interests are volleyball, swimming and tap dancing. Right now, she just wants to finish Grade 12.



### GLENN PILLOTT

Destination Chemistry 30 next year with all the cute Grade 11 girls. Likes blondes and dislikes redheads.

### MARILYN PLEWES

This pert young miss' ambition is to go to South America. She likes writing letters to Calgary (?). Marilyn is headed towards nursing. Her favorite saying is "HEEEEEEEY!"



### DONALD PODGURNY

Handsome Don's destination is Chemical Engineering. He likes sports and math, but dislikes English. As may be expected, his interests are hockey, curling and baseball. No girls, Don?

### JIM POLLOCK

"I'll never tell," is Jim's favorite saying. He likes girls, math., football and cars. He dislikes school. Jim wants to see the world before he is 25 and to get through Grade 12.



### OREST PORAYKO

Orest likes music, but dislikes dancing. He received academic pins in Grades 10 and 11 and wants to be a doctor. He says his favorite saying is unprintable.

### GERRY RADDIS

Gerry's destination is to get a job in an office. His interests centre around basketball, hockey and Vicki. He likes girls and most sports and dislikes "certain teachers".



### AMELIA RADOMSKY

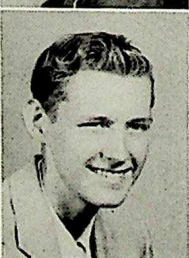
Amy's main ambition is to stop talking for five minutes, but she also wants to major in Math. at the U. of A. Amy likes sports, math., food and sleep. She dislikes dissecting insects in Biology and Western music.

### ROBERT RATKE

Varsity is Bob's destination and his ambition is Engineering. His only dislikes are getting up in the morning and homework. Senior football, senior basketball and Students' Council are Bob's school activities. In Grade 11 he won an athletic award.



## GRADUATES



### FRANK READ

To study Medicine at U. of A. is Frank's ambition. He is very active in basketball and enjoys most sports. Last year (1954-55), Frank won an athletic award at University High School.

### DOUGLAS REID

To enter Education at U. of A. is Douglas' destination. His interests are music and drama. Douglas likes food and peroxide blonds, but dislikes sciences (all types) and exams.

### MARGARET RICHARDS

To finish Grade 12 is this girl's ambition. Margaret takes an active interest in Art, the Tricolor,, and the I.S.C.F. She likes the colors blue and yellow; dislikes parsnips and conceited people. "Oh! For corn's sake" is Margaret's favorite saying. Nursing at U. of A. is her destination.

### DOUGLAS ROSE

A career in the R.C.A.P. is Doug's ambition. He is interested in girls and sports. Besides disliking school, Doug has a favorite saying: "Did I tell you what happened?" To see the world is Doug's destination.

### ERNEST RUNIONS

Ernest's ambition is to be a missionary. His destination is to take Arts and Sciences at U. of A. Ernest's interests are organ and piano, books, I.S.C.F. and debating. He likes classical music and books other than fiction.

### DOROTHY RUTHERFORD

To travel the world over is Dorothy's ambition. She likes bagpipes, music, books, and dislikes jazz and homework. Dorothy wants to go to University.

### VIOLET SAARI

Violet hopes to enter Teaching at U. of A. Swimming, skating, skiing, dancing, movies, sewing and cooking are some of her interests. Violet dislikes Monday; likes nice people and school in general.

### JANE SCHELL

B.Sc. in Nursing at Varsity is Jane's ambition. She is active in music, badminton, swimming, I.S.C.F., and Young People's. "That's terrific" is her favorite saying.

### JOHN SENCIW

John's ambition is to pass Grade 12. His likes include all sports (mainly bowling), food, money, and sleep. His only dislike is temperamental people. Favorite saying, "Oh, definitely".

### DEANNA SHANDRO

Deanna's ambition is to study Law at U. of A., and hopes one day to have a home and family. Her interests this year include St. John's Choir, Young People's, Journal Corresponding, teaching music, and editing the school paper. A scholarship to the United Nations Association at the Banff School of Fine Arts was won by Deanna last year.

### BETTY SHEPHERD

Wants to be a teacher and her interests are singing and drama. Her ambition is to get up the first time her father calls her. Favorite saying, "Scrud, I'll be glad when this term's over."

### RALPH SILVER

To enter Engineering at U. of A. is Ralph's destination. His main interests are sports and dramatics. He likes Chinese food and jive; dislikes girls and boys who call him "Side-Saddle Silver". Ralph's ambition is to retire at forty and live till eighty, be a world traveller and own a Cadillac.



## GRADUATES



### HARRY SIM

Engineering at the U. of A. is Harry's destination. To really queer Glenn Pilot is his one and only really true ambition. His interests are photography and music, Room 116 and girls in suits but dislikes girls in jeans. Favorite saying: "Saddle do it".

### MARVIN SKRIPITSKY

Engineering at the U. of A. is Marv's destination. His interests include photography, radio and being treasurer of the Students' Union. His ambition is to make a million. In Grade 12 he received an academic award.

### SHIRLEY SLUTSKY

To raise her own football team is Shirl's ambition. Singing, piano, cheerleading, swimming, basketball, dancing, Spotlight and Art Club leave little spare time for this busy girl. Shirley has won many awards in numerous activities, especially in music.

### DON SMITH

Don's ambition is to be a Chemical Engineer. His interests include hunting, fishing, collecting gun shells, stamps and coins. His only dislikes are pedestrians.

### ELEANOR STEBNER

Eleanor hopes to become a secretary. Her interests are Young People's, choir, music, teen dances, Jasper and most sports. Eleanor likes jiving, parties, convertibles, pumpkin pie and heavy bracelets.

### DONALD STINSON

Don likes swimming and skiing, music, reading, mountains and Jughead. His favorite saying is "Don't get excited". He wants to get his B.S.F. at U.B.C. Too much homework and conceited people are this boy's pet peeves.

### DAVE STONE

Dave has a high destination: the sky, as his ambition is to become a commercial pilot. His interests are mainly girls and most sports. He won a cup for hockey. Dave's favorite saying is "What's cooking?"

### SONIA STRATYCHUK

Sonia's destination is a downtown office that will pay well for a secretary. Her interests are dancing, skating, music and boys. She likes money, cars, Chinese food and travelling, but dislikes rude boys.

### DONNA STURGEON

Donna's ambition is to become a nurse. She enjoys riding around in the Austin, travelling, music and (believe it or not) biology. Her pet hates include letter writing, conceited people, and homework.

### CAROL SURBECK

Carol's destination is the U. of A., where she hopes to major in Education. Her interests include badminton, Y-teens, Pirikapo Players, and sports. Carol likes gum, food, clothes and weekends.

### DON TANGEN

Don's ambition is to graduate from high school and become a Chemical Engineer. His interests include all sports. He dislikes homework but his one like is money. Favorite saying: "Check time".

### DON TANNAS

Don's destination is to pass French. His main ambition is to become a doctor. Don is interested in his car and its feminine passengers. He likes "running out of gas" and dislikes really running out of gas.



## GRADUATES



### FREDA TARBE

Freda's interests include dancing and learning to skate. Her ambition is to be on time for school and she would like some day to visit the interior of Africa. Only dislike—redheads.

### SHARI TAYLOR

Shari hopes to be a stenographer and in time a housewife. Her interests are Bob and sports and she is very fond of food, olives, and watching T.V. Being broke and howling kids are two of her strongest dislikes. Favorite saying, "Awright you".



### HOWARD TEBBUTT

Howard does not know yet what he wants to do. His interests are cars, girls, senior football and senior basketball. Howard likes friends that have cars that run and dislikes friends who have cars that they want you to fix so they will run.

### DOROTHY TETZLAFF

Dorothy's destination is a secretarial job, preferably with an oil company. Her ambition is to be a millionaire, own six cars, and pass the final exams. She likes sports, dancing and reading. She dislikes biology tests. Her favorite saying is "Oh go jump".



### WANDA TEWS

Wanda's destination is the Provincial Institute of Technology and Art at Calgary. Her ambition is to become a fashion designer. Her interests are dancing, skating and bowling. Wanda likes football, parties, jiving and food.

### LARRY THOMPSON

Larry's ambition is to be a commercial artist. His interests are hockey, golf and swimming. Larry likes girls, cars, shows and jazz. He dislikes western music and cold weather. His favorite saying is "Ain't that a cotton-pickin' shame".



### STAN TURNBULL

Stan's ambition is to graduate from Varsity. Curling, boating and snooker top his list of interests. He dislikes studying but enjoys good marks.

### ARLENE TURNER

Arlene's ambition is to go to Europe. Her interests include Tricolor, bowling and music, football, that certain somebody and dancing. Conceited people, opera and onions head her list of dislikes. Arlene wants to teach music.



### CORINNE TURNER

To be an air stewardess is Corinne's ambition after she has obtained her nursing at the University. She likes sports, music, bowling, dancing, and people. Her favorite saying is "That's for sure".

### CURTIS VAIL

To get out of Grade 12, tour the world and retire at 29 are Curt's ambitions. His interests include badminton, basketball, football, chess and checkers, and the Dance Club. He dislikes smeary lipstick on girls and homework, but goes for girls and shows featuring Marilyn Monroe.



### GARTH VALLELY

Garth's interests include sports, food (especially pie), girls and learning how to jive. Garth's only dislikes are homework and Canadian weather. Favorite saying is "Applepicker and get off". He says that his destination is 6 ft. under.

### NEIL VANCOUGHNETT

Neil's destination is to article in an accounting office. His interests are bowling, hunting, and fishing. He likes parties and dislikes teachers. Neil's favorite saying is "This is a lousy subject!"



## GRADUATES

### CONROY VANDER LEE

Says his destination is uncertain but he's determined to get somewhere eventually. He is now seeking his fortune and we wish him luck in his quest.

### VICKI VAN VLIET

Two Senior "S" awards for sports, and a service award indicate Vicki's successes in the field of Physical Education. She likes food, dances, and all sports. Among her dislikes are homework, chemistry, and poor sports. To be a Physical Education teacher and to get married are Vicki's ambitions. Her favorite saying is "No shots".

### CAROLE WEST

Carole intends to take up the nursing profession but at present her ambition is to pass chemistry. She dislikes snobs, getting up in the morning, and homework, but feels just the opposite about Lincoln cars, Chinese food, and olives.

### MARVIN WESTLUND

Sports, L'il Abner, and "real cool" music are Marv's main interests. He likes girls, cars, drive-ins and chocolate sundaes. His ambition is to gain entry to the U. of A.; and his destination: something only time will tell.

### PEGGY WHARTON

Peggy's interests are bowling, swimming, skating, badminton, Hi-Y, and dancing. She likes television and food, but does not care for homework or going to the dentist. Favorite saying: "Is that right?"

### BRIAN WHITE

Brian hopes his destination will be U. of A. His school activities include senior football, badminton, and M.A.D. Club. He likes sports, girls, dancing, and food but he doesn't care for peroxide blondes, homework, or combination locks.

### HARVEY WILTZEN

Harvey's favorite saying is, "I'll bring a note tomorrow, Mr. Radomsky". He likes girls (especially brunettes), and pickle sandwiches. To be a commercial pilot is Harvey's ambition.

### ARLENE WINGFIELD

Conceited boys and pushy people are this girl's dislikes, but she likes Chinese food, sports, and travelling. Her interests include senior basketball, teaching Sunday School, C.G.I.T., and choir work. Her ambition is to attend the Grey Cup. Arlene feels her destination will be a travelling secretary.

### WALTER WOLFE

Flying and art are Wally's main interests. To be a commercial pilot is his ambition, though an R.C.A.F. pilot is his destination. "Idiot" is his favorite saying.

### ALBERT YOUNG

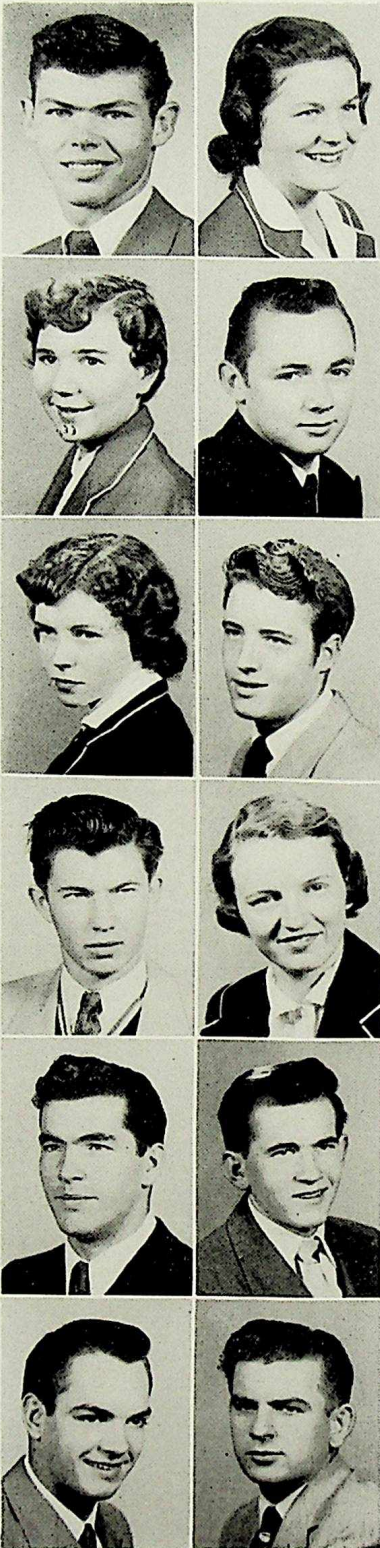
Al's ambition is to become an electrician, or he would like to work in Alberta's growing oil fields. He likes sports and record collecting (popular music). Favorite saying, "Where can you get ten strong men in a hurry?"

### RAY YUSKIW

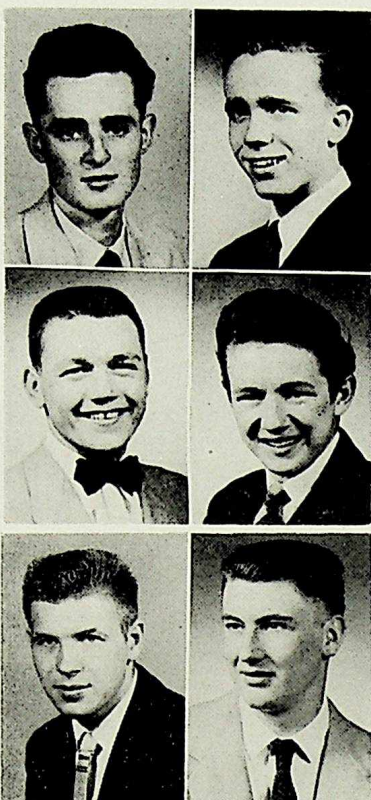
"Thanks piles" is Ray's favorite saying. Like most boys, Ray's interest is women (!). He would like to join the R.C.A.F. if he can pass Physics.

### OTTO ZANDER

Otto's interests include chess and checkers, sports, music. The Eskimos and Social Studies are on his list of likes, but grapefruit and Physics? "Oh nuts." He received an award for his chess playing.







## GRADUATES

### EDDIE LOVE

Eddie wants to become a radio and T.V. technician. His likes are sports, ping pong, I.S.C.F. and music. He dislikes English.

### HENRY McCLUNG

Henry unfortunately was absent part of the year because of ill health. He is interested in the Air Force and hopes eventually to become an instrument technician.

### MARSHALL BODNAR

Marshall is undecided about his future but is considering a career in the Air Force. He is interested in mechanics. He likes dancing and girls but dislikes homework.

### PETER McCALLUM

Peter hopes to become a draftsman. He is interested in ping pong, soccer and machine shops. He likes Shop work but dislikes Social Studies. Favorite saying, "Take a long walk on a short pier".

### ALLAN ELOCK

Al wants to go to Florida for all the Canadian winters (coward!) and he is still undecided as to his ambition. He likes football, hockey, basketball, Science 20, Carol, money (who doesn't!) and other students.

### BARRY PETTINGER

Barry is not too fond of Social Studies, but he likes Shop work and Mathematics. He is also fond of girls and good food. He hopes to become a top-notch electrician when he has finished school.



## AU REVOIR, MR. HEYWOOD

Mr. Heywood was born at Exeter, Ontario, in 1891. His grandparents, Susannah Featherstone and John Heywood, came to America in a sailing vessel from Merton, Devonshire, England. They homesteaded 200 acres of bushland, 30 miles north of London, Ontario.

Mr. Heywood received his education at Exeter High School and matriculated at Albert College, Belleville, in 1909. In 1917, he was graduated from Victoria College, Toronto University, and came to Alberta that same year. He taught a summer session at Creole Belle School District, north of Brooks, near the famous Steeple Badlands. In January 1918, he entered the last short course Normal School session in Calgary.

Mr. Heywood's teaching experience is thirty-nine years, including Bashaw, Millet, Vegreville, Drumheller, and Calgary. He has been teaching in the city of Edmonton for twenty-five years. In addition he was graduated from the University of Alberta with an M.A. degree in 1935.

After travelling for a year, he will settle down in sunny Alberta with a winter home in Edmonton and a summer home at Sylvan Lake.

To comfort Mr. Heywood in his retirement will be his wife, Wilhelmine and two married daughters, both of whom were graduated from Strathcona High School and the University of Alberta. There are also six grandchildren, three in New Westminster and three in Calgary.

Retiring, but not tired; say "au revoir", but not farewell, Mr. Heywood will follow with interest the future successes of all the present members of the first classes in Strathcona Composite High School.

"If when aged we become,  
We may review a favored sum  
Of goodness, honesty and worth  
That we have given to this earth—  
Then we may rest and be content,  
For life has not been vainly spent."

—K.M.



## THE BIG GAME



1. What a team!
2. Oh Pimmy.
3. I think I'm going to faint.
4. Catch it.
5. Please, not in public.
6. Three basketballs!

7. Aiming up the basket.
8. Mr. America, 1905.
9. Rah! Rah! Scona Teachers!
10. Waiting for their turn.
11. The winning team.





# GRADE 10, ROOM 208

Back Row: Maureen Hamper, Elaine Craig, Marina Duke, Coral Bryant, Edith Stiksma, Marie Kern, Hanne Roemer, Dorothy Clark.

Third Row: Merle Westlin, Valerie Corbett, Myrna Martin, Shirley Pollitt, Elaine Dunn, June Warren, Linda Farrell, Jennie Rogocky, Barbara Kirkwood.

Second Row: Frances McKenzie, Sandra Lott, Marjorie Campbell, Charlotte Benke, Audrey Ewaschuk, Mr. McDonald, Sharon Spracklin, Karen Kugelstadt, Gloria Gibson, Barbara Pardell, Elizabeth Humphries.

Front Row: Marilyn Smith, Gail Buck, Lyla Ball, Sharon Carey, Miss Stewart, Julia Kuzma, Jeanne Beaton, Marnie Christenson, Joy Kruger.





GRADE 10, ROOM 210

Back Row: Marlyn Davis, Bernice McCollum, Darlene McKernon, Vivian Samborsky, Lorraine Hutton, Bernice Berlin, Yvonne Storey, Jeanette Alexander, Ruth Noble.  
 Third Row: Margaret Jait, Betty Nass, Tomasine Ball, Roberta Winchester, Mr. Clapperton, Margaret Pick, Norma Hunter, Bernice Nass, Arlene Oliver.  
 Second Row: Eleanor McLean, Phyllis Castle, Hilda Erickson, Dorothy Schneider, Sharon Hamilton, Alice Hertzog, Kathleen Scott, Frances Langston, Lillian Mykityshyn.  
 Front Row: Gladys Messmer, Ruth Westlake, Margaret Faulder, Carole Green, Miss Morrison, Rita Shaw, Grace Smith, Laurelle Broughton, Donna Dean.  
 Missing: Dawn Blake, Dorothy Belle Ritchie.





# GRADE 10, ROOM 211

Back Row: Ernest McKeever, Ron Otto, Wayne Armstrong, Lawrence Robinson, Paul Kundarewich, Dave Everett, Ted Bull, George Bell, Roger Carnegie, Adolph Schaffler.

Third Row: Dale Hillary, Jack Ough, David McFarlane, Bill Ditrich, Barrie Jones, Bob Anderson, Gordon Mills, Ron Brownie, Tim Relf.

Second Row: Brian Dickens, Rodney Kotcherofsky, Marie McLeod, Phyllis Quist, Miss Holmgren, Marilyn Hartley, Elaine Watt, Bob Powelson, Ron Smith.

Front Row: Arloine Holland, Ruth Calder, Betty Richards, Betty Fletcher, Miss Brown, Lorraine Bice, Lois Howells, Barbara Taylor, Verla Dowell.

Missing: Marvin Miniely.





GRADE 10, ROOM 212

Back Row: Donna Conrad, Margaret Hastie, Earl Gregg, Dave Mowser, Barry Ball, Peter Lobotzki, Norma Rodway, Shirley Hicks.

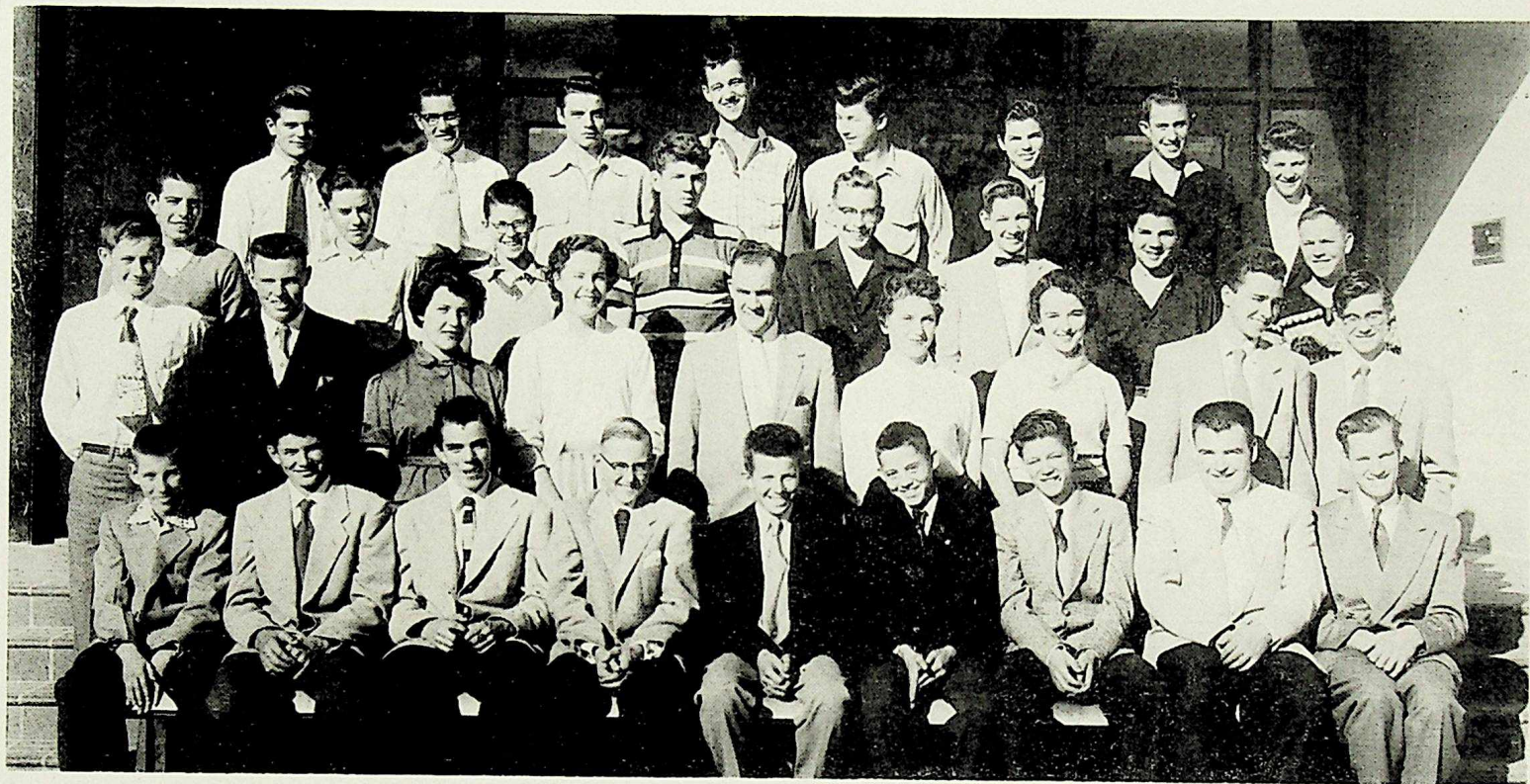
Third Row: Gloria Gardner, Lorraine Passey, Dolores McNeilly, Dorothy Krogh, Carole Goldsworthy, Marjorie Smith, Norma Peebles, Elda Bartwell.

Second Row: Shirley Matthias, Karen Anderson, Helen Phillips, Kay Moorhead, Marion Fabb, Miss Dodds, Sylvia Lopatinsky, Gayda Capham, Renate Wisbling, Betty Formoe, Miriam Russell.

Front Row: Marlene Hughes, Sylvia Prochnau, Lois Walters, Lynda Ball, Dianne Jarron, Marlene Stephen, Carol Anderson, Mavis Sawers, Jean Scott.

Missing: George Machtans, Donna Mae Ostrum.





GRADE 10, ROOM 214

Back Row: Alfred Schimpf, Ruben Marinoske, Arnold Gerhardt, Larry Pinnell, Dennis Popik, Maurice Prozny, Jim Kane, Stanley Garrett.  
 Third Row: Art Lister, Kingsley Race, Wayne Sager, Jack Parket, Alcide Hoffman, Len Richards, Bob Ewasiuk, Tom McMorran.  
 Second Row: Donald Fraser, David Sage, Carol Nagel, Joan Howell, Mr. Hughes, May Deneka, Elizabeth Campbell, Leslie Walker, Gordon Preston.  
 Front Row: Jack Ford, Donald Boulton, Brent Iley, Wayne Tupper, Wayne Hendrickson, Peter McLean, Brian Walker, David Meakes, Harry DeBree.  
 Missing: Terrence Mosher, James Preus.





# GRADE 10, ROOM 216

Back Row: Gordon Petursson, Neil Johnson, Don Barr, John Mann, Don Russell, Bernard Larson, Terry Englehart, Eddy Dolinsky, Doug Lewis.  
 Third Row: Richard Bryant, Gary Lott, Dennis Umrysh, Neil Gellibrand, Bill Hennig, Kenneth Schragg, Allan Ropchan, Dave Ross.  
 Second Row: Ronald McMahon, Marilyn Fetterly, Joan Formanski, Irene Henrickson, Miss I. Soper, Miss E. Silk, Marie Kloos, Pat Joslin, Shirley Kloos, Harold Cartledge.  
 Front Row: Mary Anne Wendt, Perry Shannon, Valerie Stoehr, Eleanor Harper, Donna Birdsell, Dianne Bunting, Olive Jones, Kay Piepgrass, Judy Kutt.  
 Missing: Stephen Moorhead.





# GRADE 10, ROOM 220

Back Row: John McEwen, Wilbert Brouwer, David Anderson, Kenneth Darby, Richard Gallimore, Jerry Awram, Frank Findenigg, Brian Hall, Art Rees, Douglas Jost, Jerry Bredo.

Third Row: Norman King, Peter Thompson, Robert Belseth, Douglas Hunter, Horace Walenstein, Stuart Fetterly, Hans Huizinga, David Bogelund.

Second Row: Grant Morrison, Nicolle Nykiforuk, Sally Shortliffe, Evelyn Morris, Miss Caven, Sharon Clement, Lynn Caskey, Katherine Dick, Harry Grekul.

Front Row: Maureen Keller, Barbara MacLean, Lee Betty Hansen, Ruth Runions, Mr. R. A. McNaught, Adeline Yakimowich, Kathleen Williamson, Patricia Olson, Mildred Ham.

Missing: Katherine Dick, Bea Spyksma.





# GRADE 10, ROOM 218

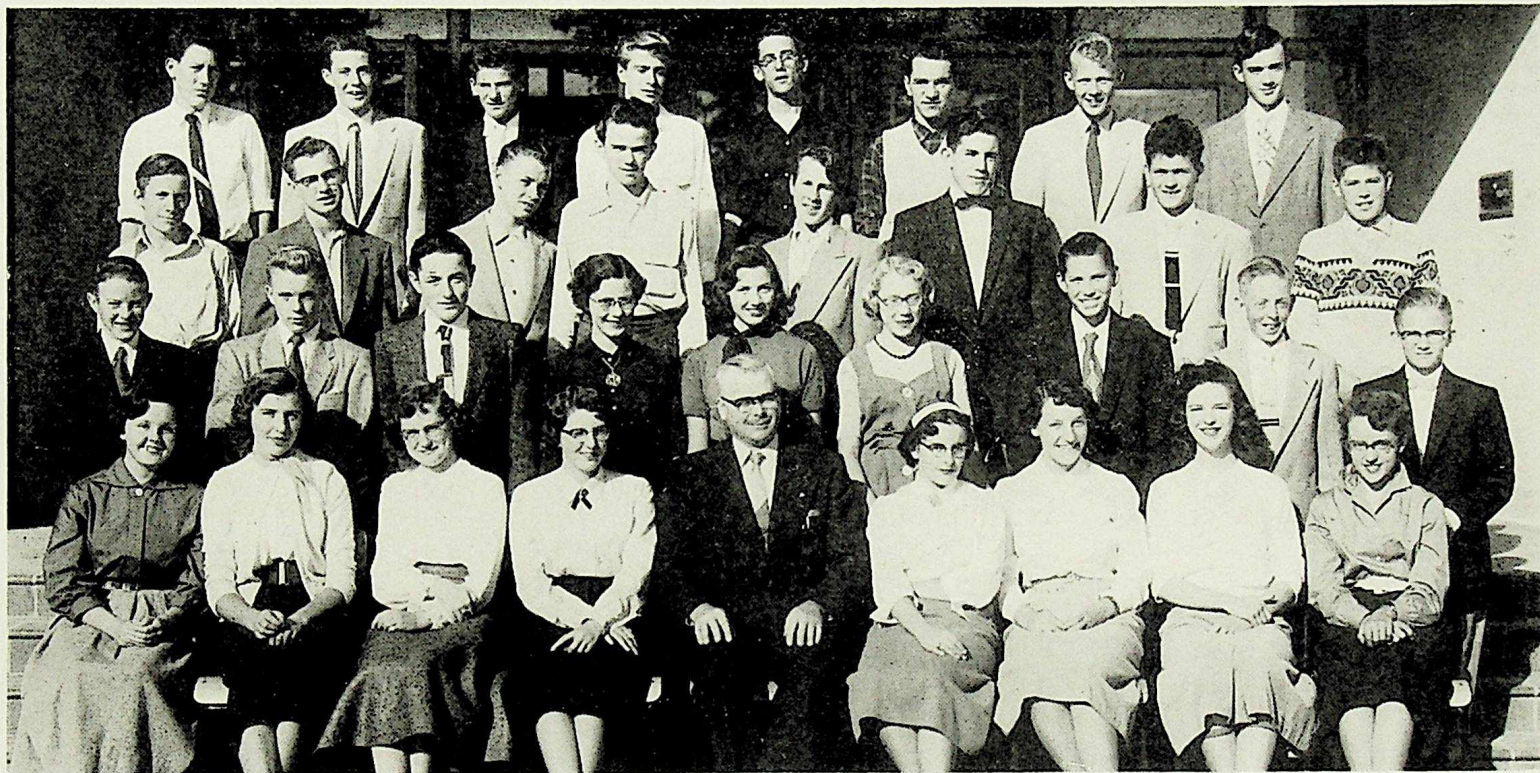
Fourth Row: Jim Ready, Walter Franz, Robert Crowle, Norman Wylie, Bart Kiernon, Bill Yeudall, Guy Ranger, Julius Reder, Lorne Bradley, Ross Lepard.

Third Row: Blain Modin, Jim Harp, Gordon Loewen, Clifford Hannon, Bob Freeman, Alan Shaw, Bill Scott, Clifford Campbell, Lynton Trenear.

Second Row: Susan Ellis, Anne Wiedman, Bernice Turton, Patricia Darbyshire, Carole Sloane,, Mr. C. Drake, Aleda Arlidge, Sheila MacLeon, Lael Heiner, Myrna Wilson.

Front Row: Bernice Baril, Barara Surbeck, Marjorie Lien, Sharron Harris, Mr. K. Brown, Jeanne Macleod, Julia Teague, Noel Myers, Joanne Hobbs.





GRADE 10, ROOM 219

Back Row: George Bryant, Jon Scott, Marshall Bodnar, Dennis Green, Melvyn Smith, Geoffrey Lucas, Ted Prinsen, Glen Simmonds.

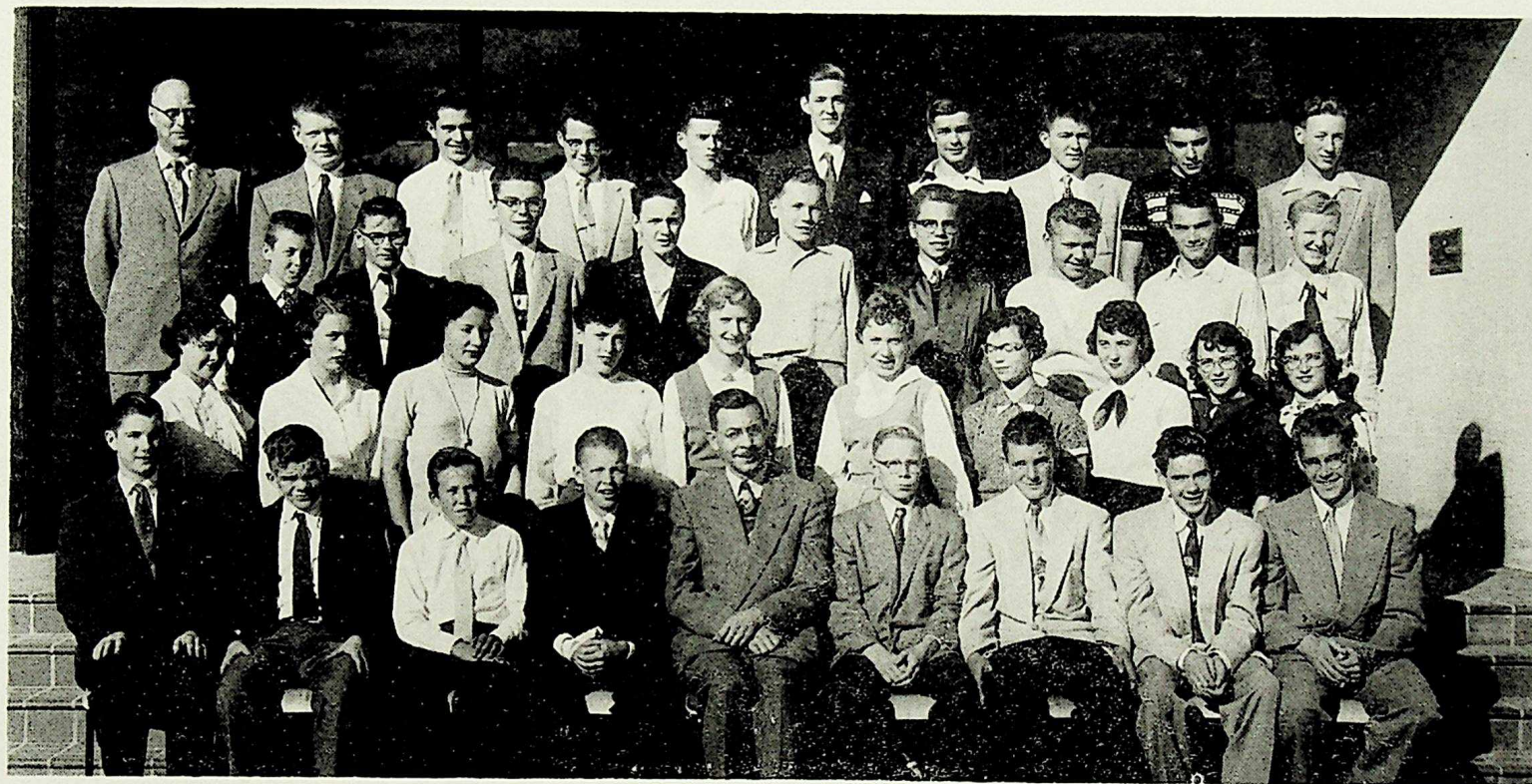
Third Row: Richard Strand, Dennis Aldrich, Murray Provost, Larry Downey, Bob Treen, Gale Nichols, Raymond Bodnar, Dennis Frazer.

Second Row: Billy Baker, Brian Taylor, Howie Homan, Thalia Savage, Bonnie Nimmon, Marion Johnston, Dennis Masuch, Peter Montgomery, Tony Flanders.

Front Row: Marilyn Stephenson, Marilyn Muir, Carol Dennison, Mereldine Schramm, Mr. L. C. Mix, Patricia Taylor, Christine Perry, Merle Whyte, Colleen O'Hara.

Missing: Graydon Morrison, Bill Blythe, Marilyn Smith.





# GRADE 10, ROOM 217

Back Row: Mr. Houghlund, Don Harvey, Herb Glasel, Ralph Gunderson, Bob McFarlane, John Asbjornsen, Wendell Hoover, Bill Gilbertson, Bob Williams, Don Whitlock.

Third Row: Bryan Hamilton, Harvey Streitz, Reg Roberts, Jack Silvester, Don Weber, Duane Henderson, Peter Okos, Willis Stefureak, Warren Lyse.

Second Row: Doreen Willson, Isabel Finnie, Tony Verheul, Lois Jones, Lorraine Holtz, Pat Love, Helen Connell, Geraldine Sloane, Judy Kingham, Joan Kingham.

Front Row: Milton Halvarson, Neil Hefferman, Clifford Thomas, Dennis Robinson, Mr. Briggs, Don Tronsgard, Barry Bertwell, Ken Edwards, Dale Ferguson.





GRADE 10, ROOM 221

Back Row: John Dunn, Steve Carre, Horst Eisenhower, Bob Wohl, Fred Purdie, Ron St'ien, Art McMullen, Jack Ashton.

Third Row: Jim Lee, Brian Horester, Eugene Gushaty, Bruce Hughes, Myron Moran, Don Munro, Paul Prince, Alex Samuel, Ronald Henderson.

Second Row: Donna Poohkay, Elsie Zaychkowski, Evelyn Burch, Mr. G. Porges, Gail Abbott, Eleanor Olson, Darlene Dulsrud, Shirley Ferguson.

Front Row: Doreen Ronaghan, Leona Gouthro, Marilynne McKay, Anne Lucas, Miss R. Freebury, Beatrice Kisil, Betty Hooson, Muriel Goa, Katherine Hirsch.

Missing: Leora Bowden, Juliana Buza, Dorcas Christophers, Gwen Sidenberg.





GRADE 10, ROOM 222

Back Row: Murray Allen, Ashley Thomas, Barry Wetter, Kent Sharp, Marshall Laub, Don Hamilton, Paul Scott, Doug McDonald, Herbert Hartwig, Mike Weir.

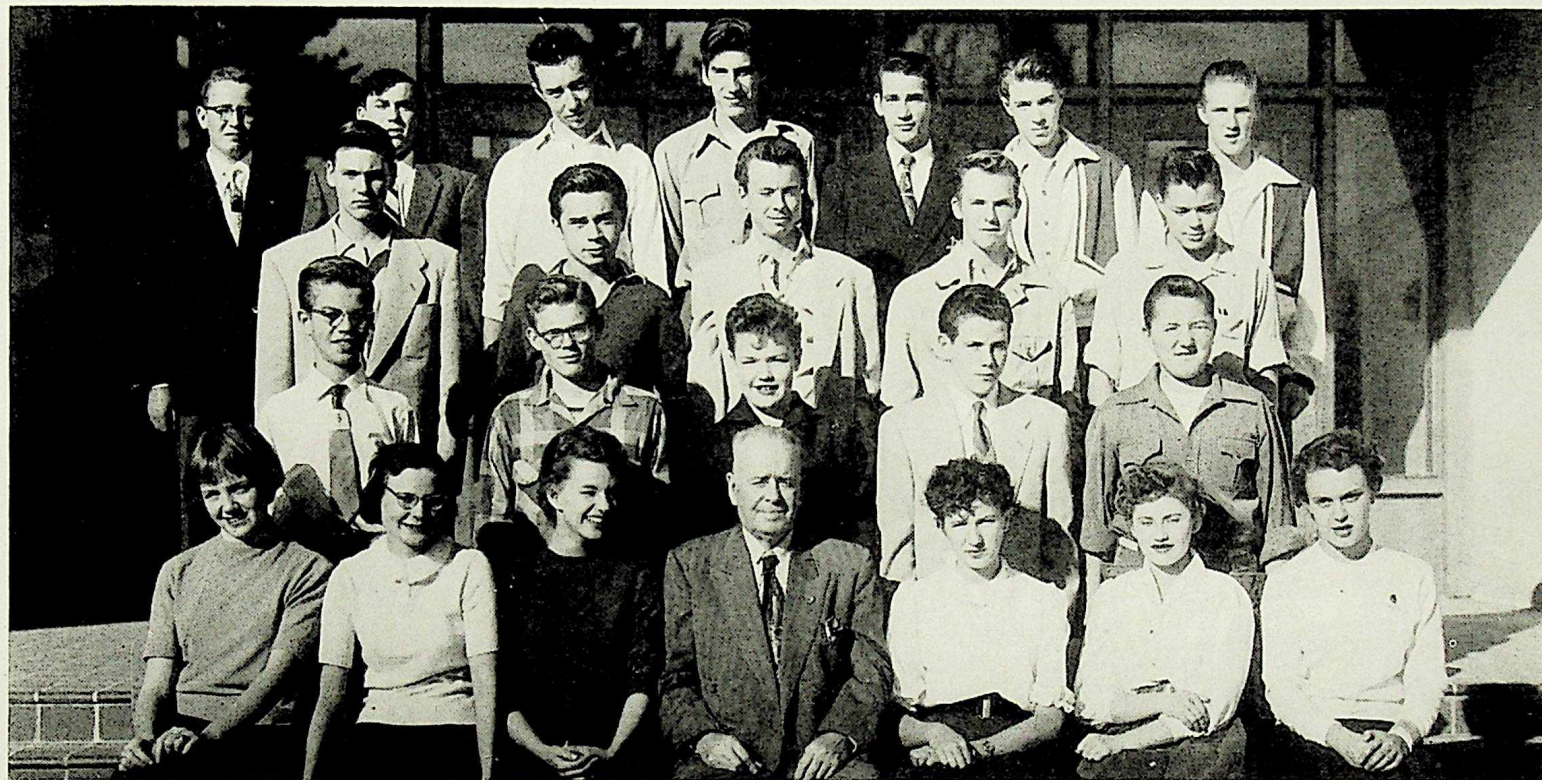
Third Row: Judy Whitaker, Darlene Austin, Kathy Johnson, Betty Roberts, Donna Flintoff, Helen Kanasewich, Darlene Sills, Myrna Dickens.

Second Row: Susan Reeves, Gail Hawkes, Pat Clarke, Andrea Borys, Mr. K. Brown, Lynne Newcombe, Betty Halford, Jean Crozier, Margaret Lockhart.

Front Row: Marjorie Clarke, Muriel Wiggins, Betty Jenkins, Dianne McArthur, Mary-Ann Redlin, Audrey Lea-Wilson, Judy Forbes, Shirley Cross, Darlene Whitefoot.

Missing: Robert Comfort.





GRADE 10, ROOM 224

Fourth Row: Herbert Bromley, Klaus Mietzner, Ron Anderson, Wesley Kruger, Bruce Jerron, Dan McQuot, Ron Robinson.

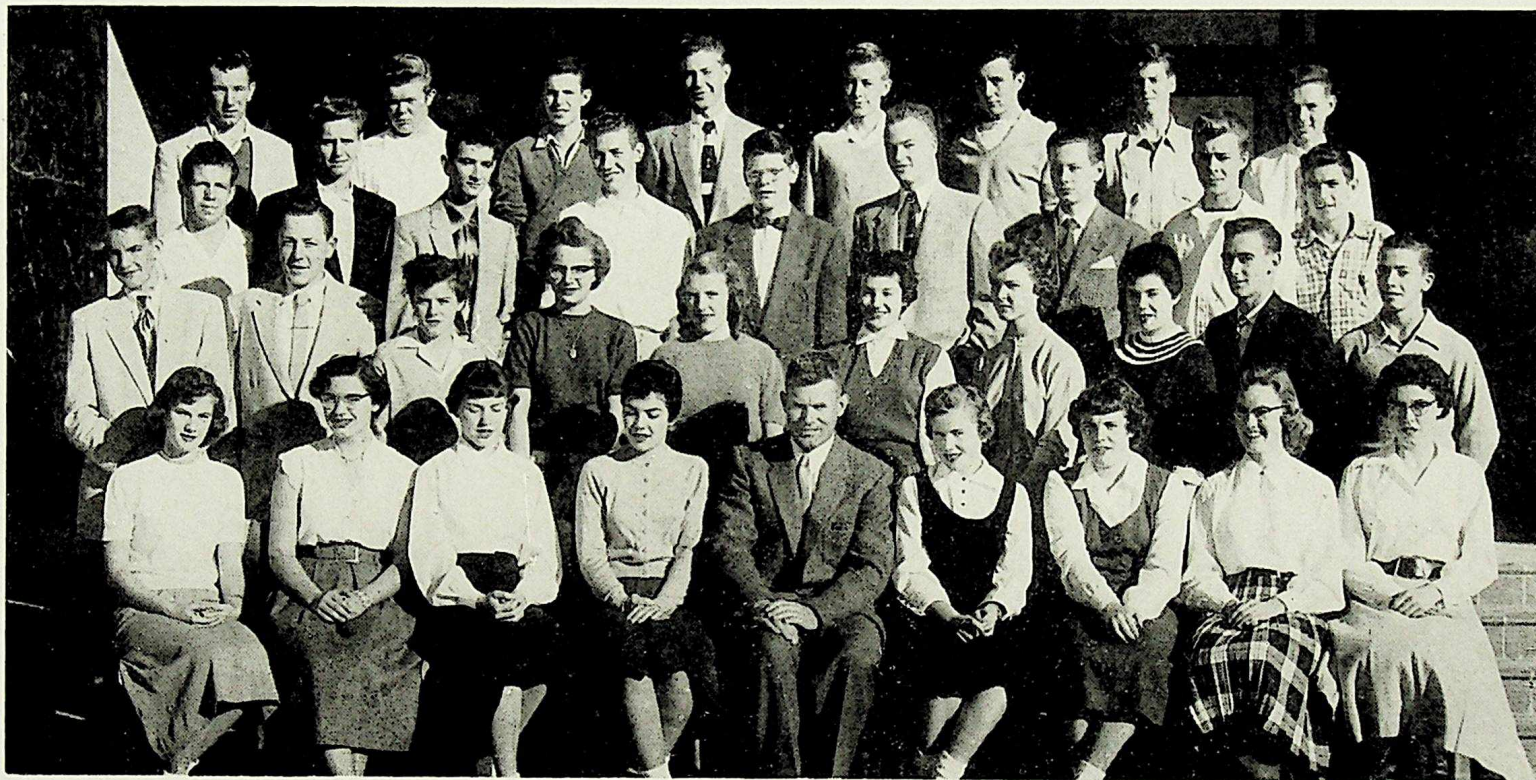
Third Row: Heinz Odenthal, Lewis Mann, Roger Welsh, Garry Gowan, Tom Steen.

Second Row: John Ness, Bob Pearson, Gwen Vaughn, Dan Villner, Joe Wedman.

First Row: Chris Treece, Rose McHargue, Marion McIntyre, Mr. Davies, Marlene Winkelmen, Francis Majelski, Donna Clark.

Missing: Alex Copan, Bob Gnatovich, Marie Parasiuk, Diane Plunkett, Bill Smith and Henry Solli.





### GRADE 11, ROOM 112

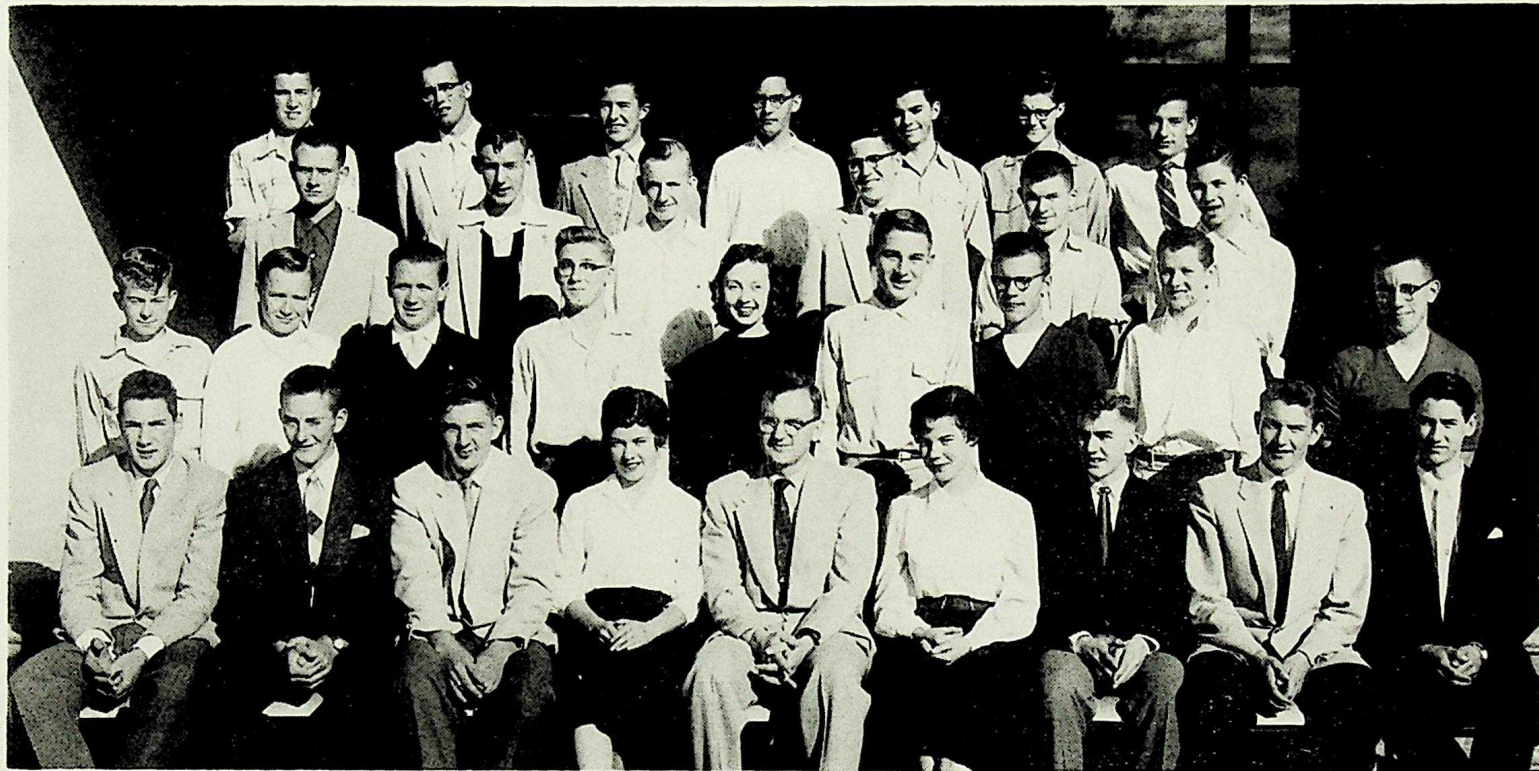
Back Row: Cecil Hayduk, Wayne Barrie, Terry Clark, Anti Pallas, Don Ericksson, Kim Andrews, Don Campbell, Bill Shaver.

Third Row: Douglas Anderson, Don Williams, Stan King, Scott Kerr, Norman MacDonald, Bill Morris, Roger Koss, John Guthrie, John Wilford.

Second Row: Clifford White, Dennis Ward, Pat Svenson, Ruth Frevel, Barbara Story, Marjorie Elsener, Beverly McCleary, Alizon Grodeland, Lorne Phillips, Roy Moor.

Front Row: Jacklyn Quinn, Sonia Holowaychuk, Barbara Logan, Marlene Trudel, Mr. Kruger, Marge Baril, Roberta Hughes, Valerie Logan, Alvida Bailey.





### GRADE 11, ROOM 115

Back Row: Chester Hough, Garnet Eastcott, Bryce Mitchell, Douglas Lennie, Wayne Haigh, Allan Cowie, Orest Tkachuk.

Third Row: Ted March, George Kingston, Bill Kruper, Bob Paterson, George McNutt, Nestor Slipchuk.

Second Row: Sheldon Comfort, Ralph Wiley, John Thompson, Marvin McDonald, Loretta Singer, Ron Forster, Vic Chmelyk, Jim Smith, Lloyd McCaffrey.

Front Row: Alex Tesan, Harry Beleshko, Bill Pawluk, Margaret James Mr. Melnychuk, Lois Holte, Harvey Alton, Dale Stewart, Roger Shortill .

Missing: Donald Davidson, Gordon Hartley, Robert Kerr, Donald Lee, John Murland, Wayne Tennant.





# GRADE 11, ROOM 118

Fourth Row: Larry McIlvride, Donald Myrthue, John Hollingsworth, George Thew, Rod Hislop.

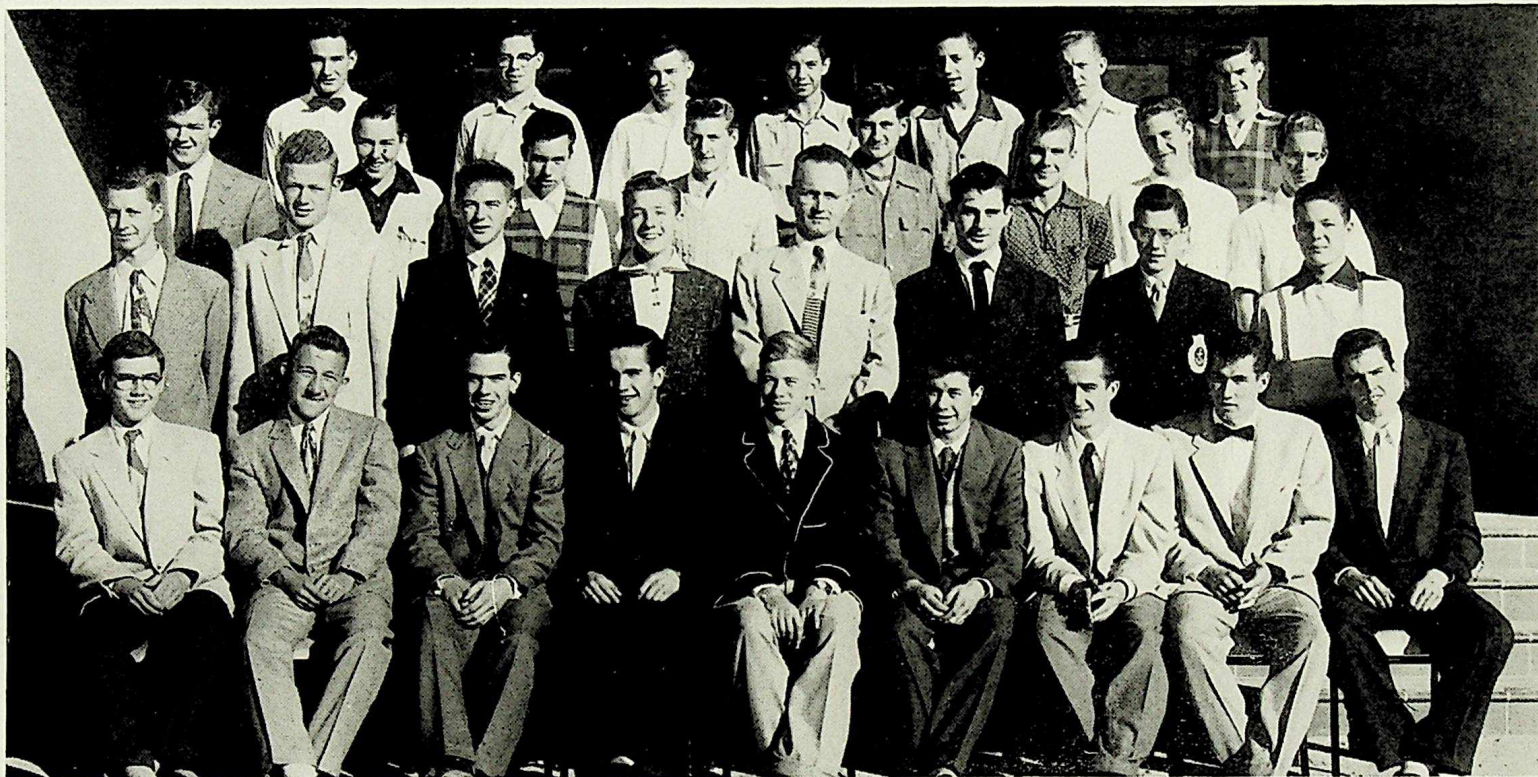
Third Row: Bob Bowser, Roger Campbell, Mark Cohen, Jim Kendrick, Earl Berg, Roy Abbott, Paul Schmidt.

Second Row: Joan Bochenko, Gloria McLean, Shirley Smith, Carol Skelton, Margaret Leonard, Marcia McNutt, Penny Kellam, Joyce Hay, Sheila Moore, Charlene Erickson.

Front Row: Marlene Heath, Myrna Johnson, Belle Anne MacKenzie, Ruth Knowles, Miss Hutton, Lorraine Stepchuk, Joan Wilson, Sandra McPherson, Ellen David.

Missing: Henry Labercane, Robert MacLeod, Deanna Wright.





GRADE 11, ROOM 120

Back Row: Bernard Berlin, John Taylor, David Wood, Gary Bannard, Malcolm Livingstone, Ted Williams, Donald Henderson.

Third Row: Edward Healy, Dennis Talbot, Bill Grover, Bill Otto, William Habaruk, Don Kirk, Bob Groves, Ray Howells.

Second Row: Leighton Fisk, Richard Taylor, Michael Davies, Garry Spencer, Mr. Dubeta, Bob Davies, Ricky Law, Gary Vance.

Front Row: Spencer Denney, Bill Clarke, Bob Keyser, Bob Hislop, Norman Carter, John Vant, Neil Crawley, Bruce Carr, Len Giles.

Missing: Gary Muirhead, Ron Brown, Val Fenton, Jim Lover.





GRADE 11, ROOM 122

Back Row: Fred Whitaker, George Skinner, Alasdair Allnut, Bob Pitzel, Jack Willmore, Dave Fowler, Jack McCoy, Dave Innes.

Third Row: Deanna Christophers, Anne Cartledge, Pat Shaw, Pat Wuycik, Diane Wallstein, Terry Arnold, Connie Glenn, Marelle Brown, Marjorie Hanlan, Virginia Desrosiers.

Second Row: Marilyn Faulkner, Lynn Harvey, Gwen Aylesworth, Jean Wells, Joan Anderson, Ruby Houg, Lorraine Hertzog, Shirley Nedham.

Front Row: Loretta Moore, Barbara Heaps, Barbara West, Maureen Rufenack, Mr. Mayes, Kathlen Zurch, Carole Russell, Audrew Duggan, Deloyc Burch.

Missing: Eleanor Mae Adam, Rita Hayter.





# GRADE 11, ROOM 124

Back Row: Orest Urchak, Garry McIlvride, Wayne Waffle, Murdith McClean, Morley North.

Third Row: Verna Fiddler, Bill Hominuke, Drake Hocking, Lawrence Mysak, Bill Putnam, Grant Raisbeck, Bob Rose, Marcel Sanders.

Second Row: Carole Fraser, Pat Carnahan, Ruth Tilden, Georgie Stone, Sharon McLarty, Mr. D. Pimm, Margaret Felan, Doren Draper, Maureen Howard, Gloria Price, Nancy Sykes.

Front Row: Lorraine Hartwig, Myrna Olney, Shirley Cornelius, Kirsten Lindahl, Claudia Prince, Elaine Cormier, Donna Kenway, Mona Walden, Marceline Baker.

Missing: June Newsome, Margaret Chitze, Curtis Quigley.





GRADE 11, ROOM 204

Back Row: Ron Frericks, Garnet MacTaggart, Edwin Wensley, Douglas McKay, Bob Forman.

Third Row: Jane Reschke, Roberta Oliver, Donna Marshal, Mona Moir, Asia Sultanov, Sigrun Ritsch, Pauline Smith, Donna McIntyre, Donna Mills, Gayle Gardner.

Second Row: Dona Homan, Evelyn Lambert, Lorraine Wells, Levila Prier, Eleanor Johnson, Marlene Somers, Carol Heffel, Kathy Walker, Arlene Holloway, Dorothy Barnes.

Front Row: Ena Ockers, Marj Thackery, Carolyn Smith, Joan Weatherill, Mr. Levy, Sharon Gallagher, Arlene Thomas, Liz Wiltshire, Betty Lou Chapman.

Missing: Phyllis Turgeon, Leona Rutherford, Bob Marson.





### GRADE 11, ROOM 206

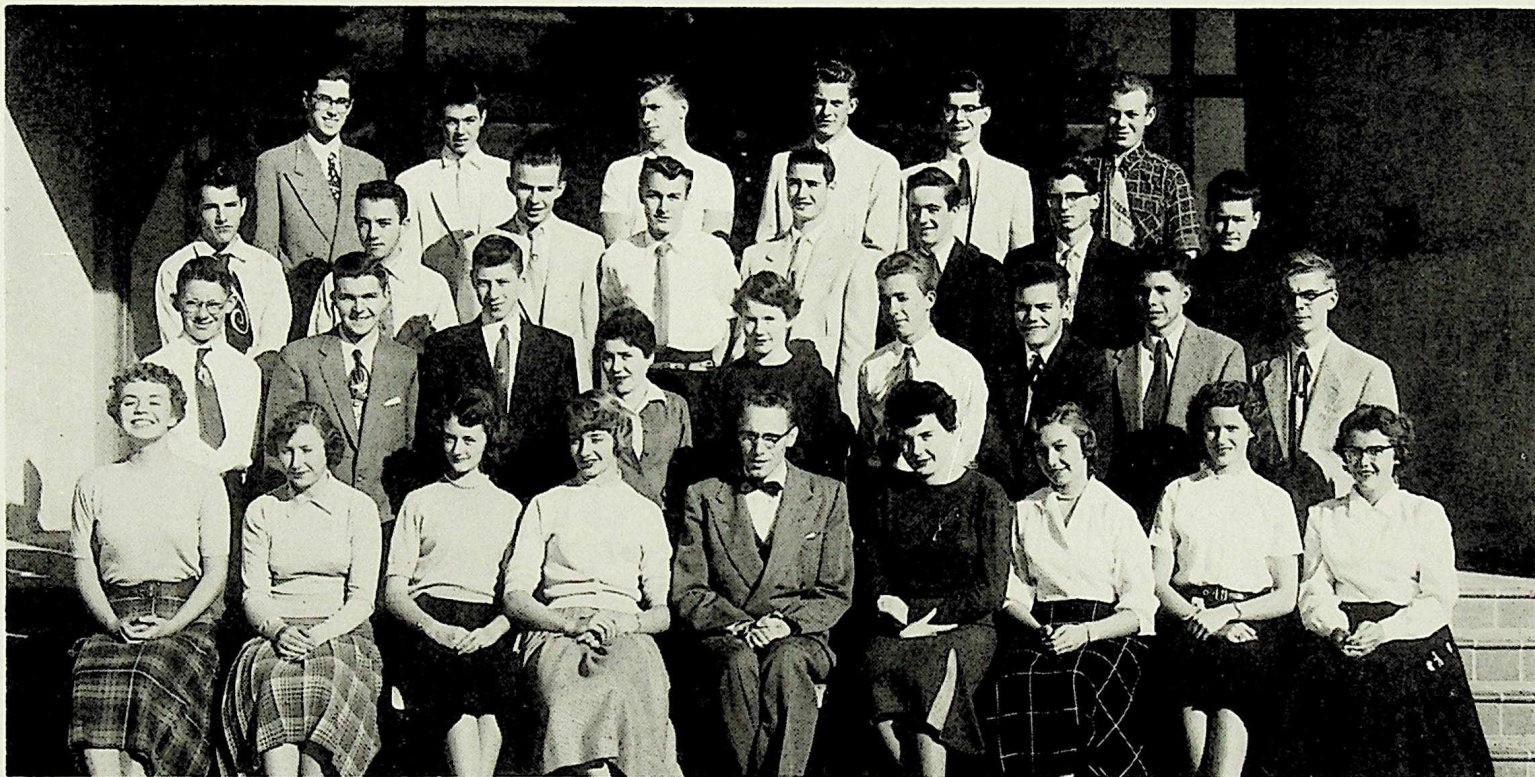
Fourth Row: Carol Smith, Diane Dymond, Marlene Campbell, Marlene Gustafson, Joyce Nielson, Pat Coombs, Donna Havens, Jane Gray, Mycna Fouts, Loreen Schultz, Jean Steenson.

Third Row: Donna Gibson, Miriam Linden, Hildagard Czarnecki, Betty Chechotko, Pat Brown, Violet Baker, Janet Arndt, Jacqueline Arnold, Irene Adam.

Second Row: Joyce Milton, Helen Wudel, Joanne Fenske, Shirley Strand, Mr. J. Morrison, Dorothy Christophers, Esther Marinoske, Sharon Wensley, Hannelore Kottke.

Front Row: Sharon Warrack, Lillian Smith, Gertrude Jess, June Clifford, Moira McBride, Phyllis Heiner, Roberta Paul, Marion Penno, Lorraine Todd.





# GRADE 11, ROOM 207

Fourth Row: Glen Jones, Dennis Nimmon, Adrian Snidanko, Neil Cameron, John Adshead, Glen Bishop.

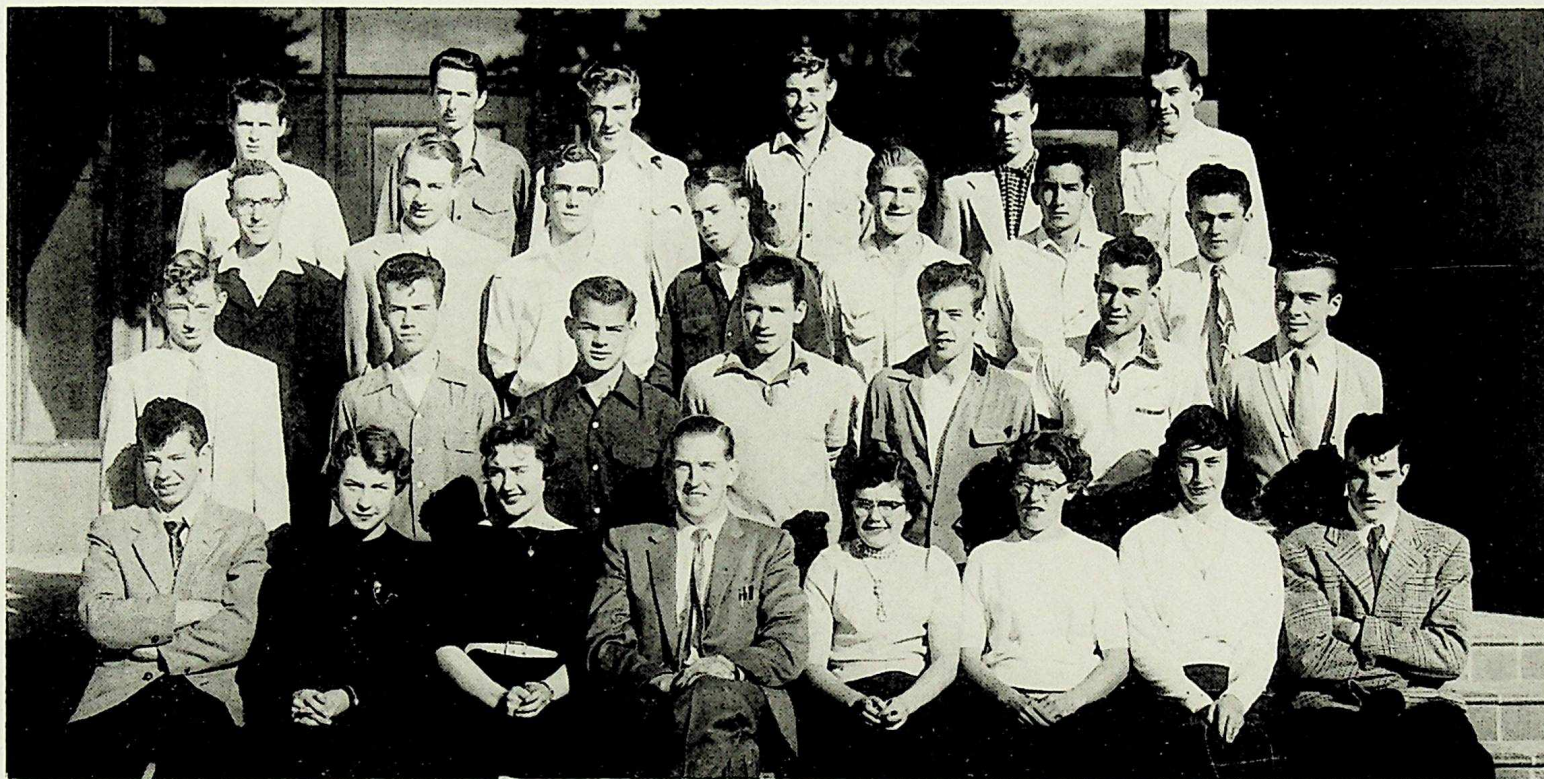
Third Row: Ken Millar, Ameil Shapka, Alfred Schmidt, Gordon Hovind, Mel Brown, George Caldwell, Gerald Minks, Eric Scheller.

Second Row: William Morrison, Ken Roberts, Ken Jones, Anne Shokal, Marilyn Steele, Jim Paul, Roger Knott, Ron Downie, Ralph Waggott.

Front Row: Pat Simonsen, Yvonne Oblak, Elaine Townsley, Donna Lee Wickstrom, Mr. O. A. Stratte, Heather Pisactky, Audrey Pystoski, Gloria Brus, Leona Minks.

Missing: Gerry Stone, Robin Stolee, Dave Lloyd.





GRADE 11, ROOM 209

Back Row: Larry Richmond, Allison Moses, Dennis Nielsen, Dale Anderson, Garry Best, Bob McCurdy.

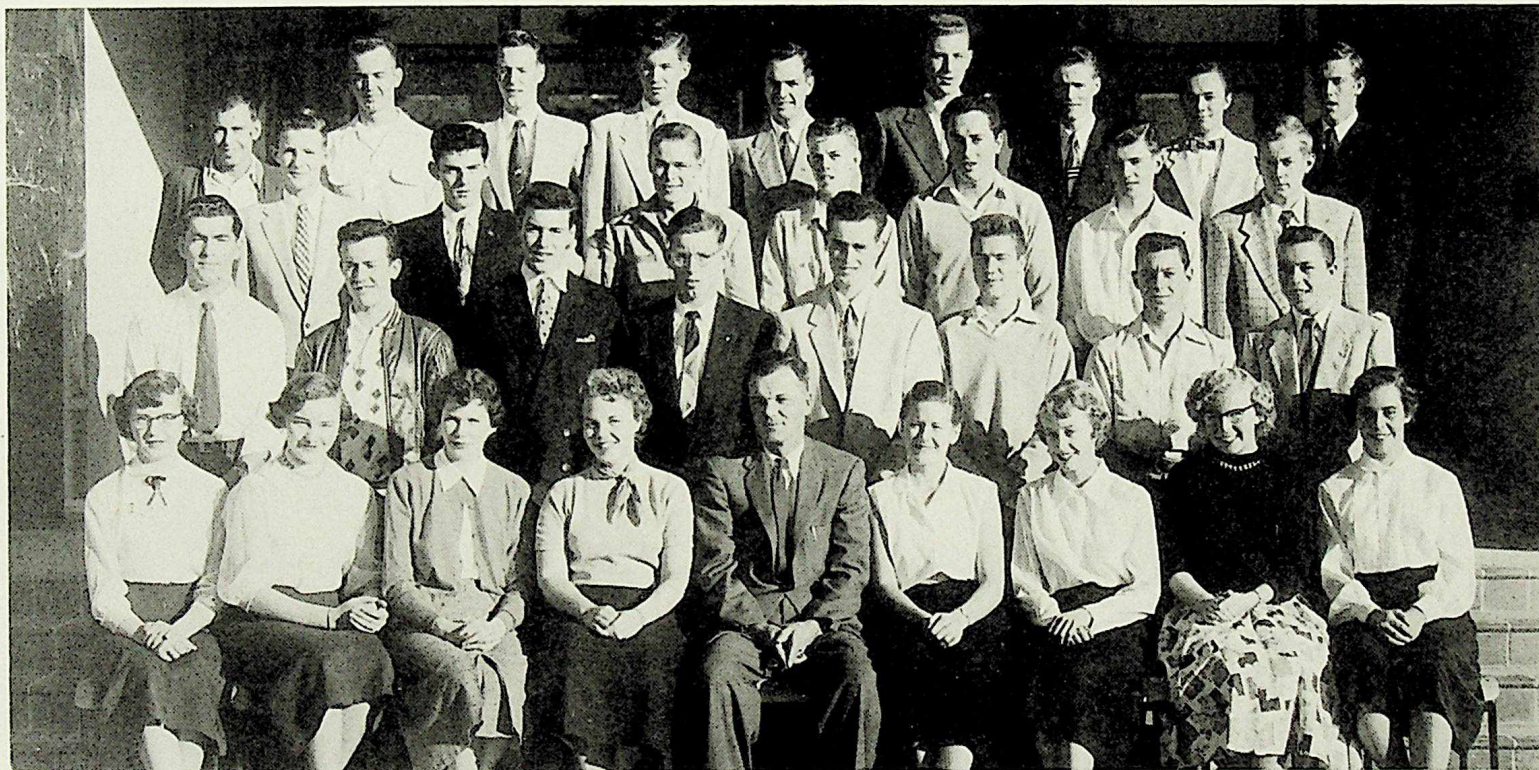
Third-Row: Clifford Barth, Edwin Holtz, Norman Hooper, Larry Erickson, David Piepgrass, Wilbert Stevens, Adam Roth.

Second Row: Douglas Buchanan, Bill Jones, John Schultz, Bill Blinston, Bob Milligan, Edison Knopp, Ross Pearson.

Front Row: Brian Lucas, Beth Murray, Elinor Glenn, Mr. Nicholl, Donna Stone, Joyce Wright, Mary Belle Holden, Alan Walker.

Missing: Spencer Montgomery, Wayne Harris, Brent Robertson, Donald Dunlop.





GRADE 12, ROOM 104

Back Row: Bob Fedorkey, Wayne Johnston, George Reid, Harry Wiltzen, Ray Yuskiw, Joe Pallas, Gary Johnstone, Marvin Westlund, Dennis Howells.

Third Row: Claude Jinks, Don Wallace, Fred Molzahn, Warren Mohr, Ron Pickard, Elmore Peterson, Edgar Greenwood.

Second Row: Walter Wolfe, Bob Laurence, Alan Scott, Ken Williams, Edwin Love, Clifford Drew, Doug Rose, Fred Peel.

Front Row: Eva Milobar, Luella Nykiforuk, Carol Surbeck, Elaine Robinson, Mr. Radomsky, Vickie Van Vliet, Carol Evenson, Violet Sarri, Cathy Manning.

Missing: Alta Ottewell, Frank Read, Charles Scott.

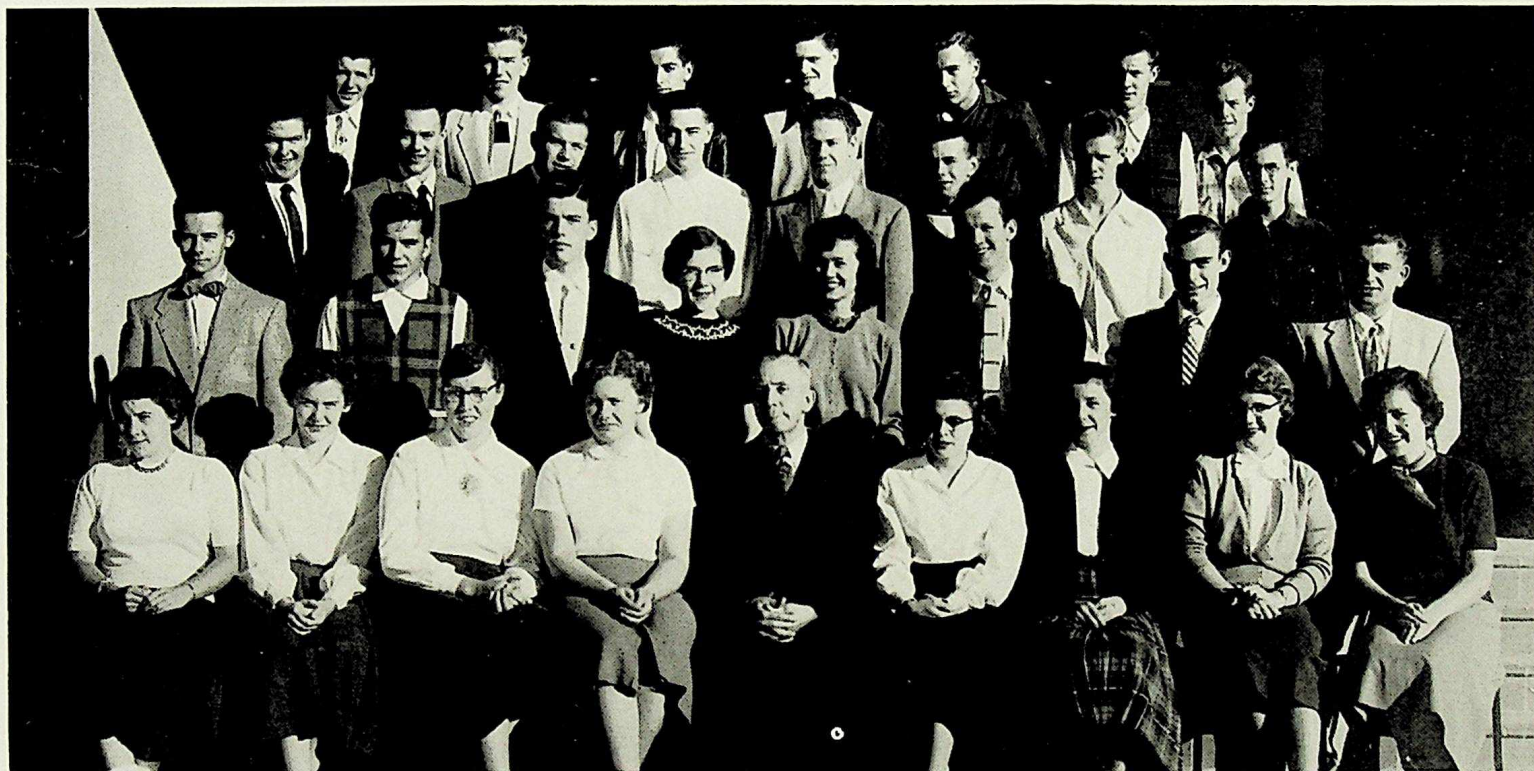




GRADE 12, ROOM 108

Back Row: Ernest Runions, Orest Porayko, Gerald Dixon, Eric Berendt, Ken Matheson, Doug Reid, Russell Davidson, Leroy Terry.  
 Third Row: Amelia Radomsky, Louise Bayly, Anita Breier, Mona Grindley, Anne Gouthro, Barbara Campbell, Margaret McDonald, Margaret Mix.  
 Second Row: Sharon Darnell, Jane Schell, Marilyn Plewes, Beth Jeffrey, Amaryllis Eaton, Margaret Richards, Arlene Turner, Doris Ostashek, Sharon Cantor.  
 Front Row: Joy McFarlane, Dorothy Rutherford, Deanna Shandro, Shirley Slutsky, M<sup>r</sup>. Olson, Judy Kolotyluk, Sheena McKee, Tillie Chalice, Corinne Turner.  
 Missing: Darlene Ostrom, Christine Bray, Norman Deen.





GRADE 12, ROOM 110

Back Row: Donald Stanners, Dennis Kadatz, Alvin Balanko, Doyle Barber, Dennis Rudyk, Ron Allen, David Mead.

Third Row: Jim Pollock, Don Tannas, Allen Elock, Donald Podgurny, Jerry Raddis, Wesley Candler, Fred Grossman, Vernon Shatford.

Second Row: Dan Fearon, Ronald Blinston, Kenneth Kendrick, Olive Cornelius, Greta Houg, Carl Whiteside, Neale Moffat, Otto Zanderi.

Front Row: Dorothy McCallum, Patricia Klinck, Loretta Kyle, Laura Franz, Mr. Heywood, Darlene Albiston, Kathy Moore, Marjorie Longhurst, Ardyth Hagerman.

Missing: Donald Stinson, Violet Overbo.

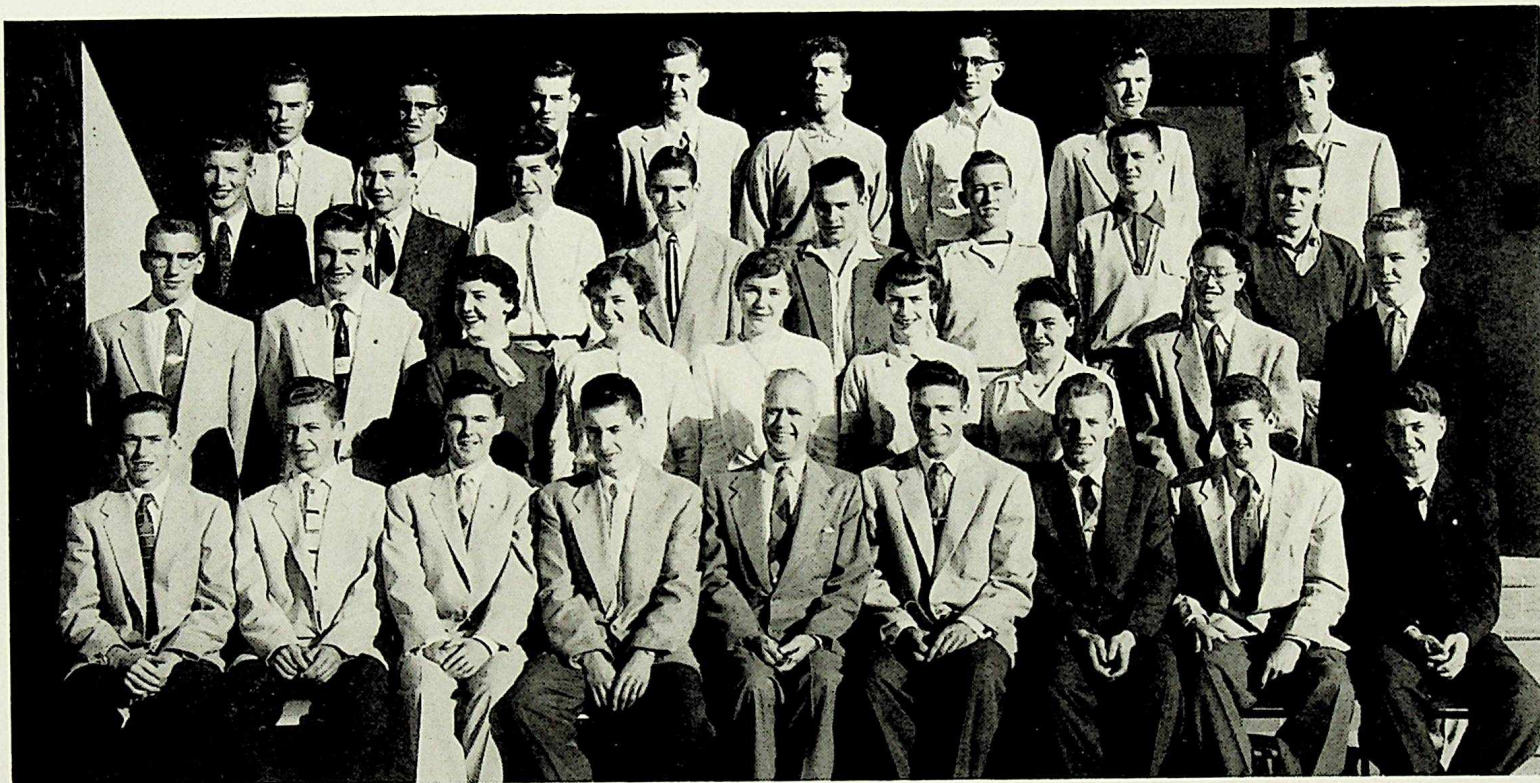




GRADE 12, ROOM 114

Back Row: Alex Carre, Douglas Comfort, Jim Frazer, Martin Hawkins, Dwight Helgason, Doran McMullin, Randy Mueller, Rod Heise.  
 Third Row: John Senciw, Bill Johnston, Ernie Kucek, Dave Doull, Don Tangen, Garth Vallely, Brian White.  
 Second Row: Bob Ferguson, Bob Coyle, Richard Elsener, Clifford Bristow, Miss Scott, Roger Cummings, Stan Turnbull, Harvey Hopkins, John Franz.  
 Front Row: Bill Lester, Bill Magee, Joyce Fields, Dorothy Olson, Peggy Wharton, Shaon Hill, Zenia Lukianchuk, Curtis Vail, Bob Ratke.  
 Missing: June Dalby, Arman Earl, Bill Healy, Frank Medgin.

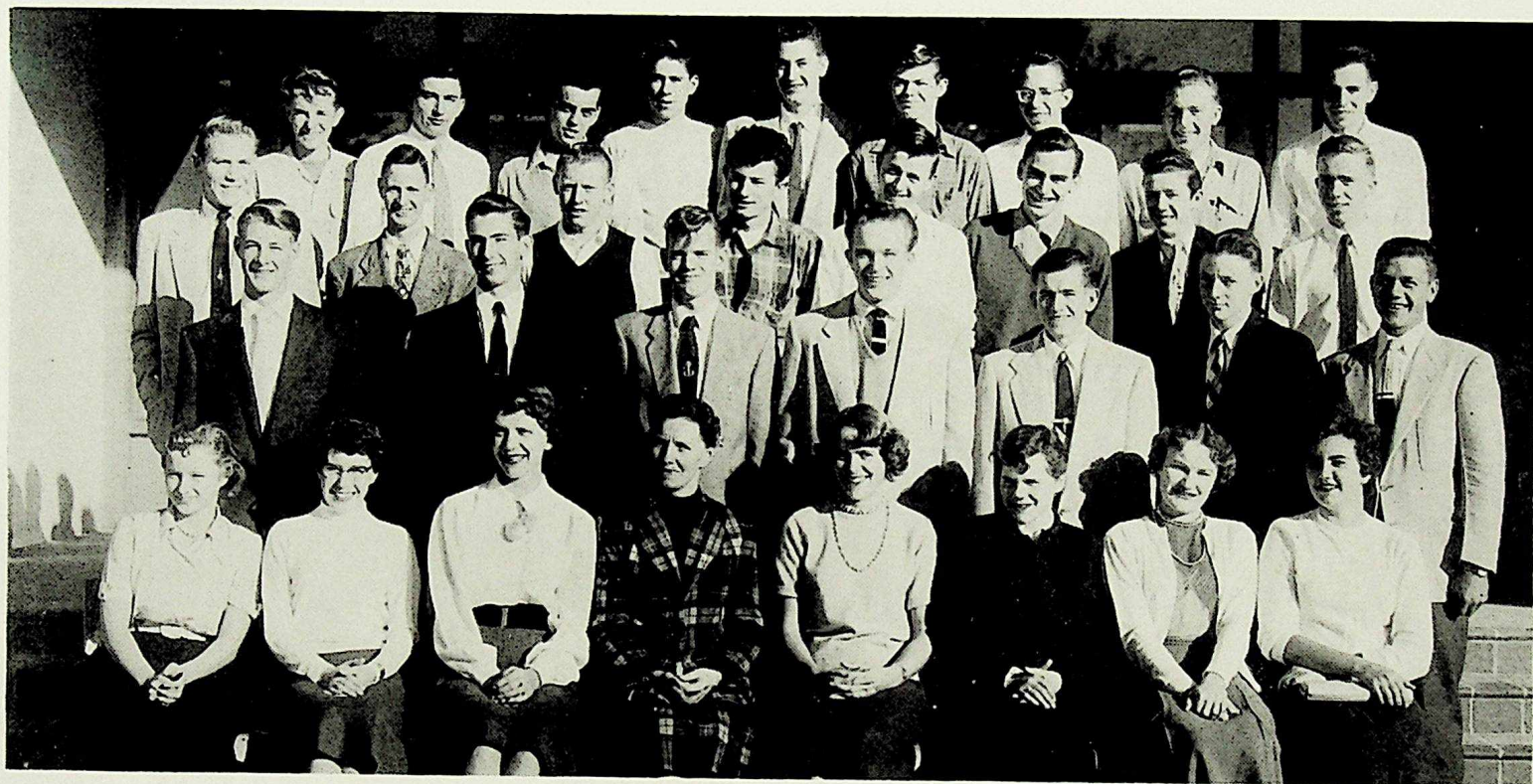




GRADE 12, ROOM 116

Back Row: Keith Becker, John Murray, Marvin Skripitsky, Ralph Silver, Alfred Konetzka, Don Smith, Glen Leckie, John McNeill.  
 Third Row: Carman Brooks, John Miller, Bruce Goodall, Al Anderson, Glenn Pillott, Don Cornborough, Bob Martin, Peter Ramsay.  
 Second Row: Harry Maguss, Jim Dingey, Dorothy Folkman, Shari Taylor, Carol West, Joena Hampton, Elora Hoppe, Warren Ngo, Don Knowles.  
 Front Row: Harry Sim, Dexter Lindberg, Bill Halford, Jerry Edwards, Mr. Rookwood, Harold Palmer, Walter Olney, Lawrence Mather, Larry MacMahon.  
 Missing: Jim Baker.





GRADE 12, ROOM 117

Back Row: Don Campbell, Howard Tebbutt, Larry Thompson, Dave Tkachuk, Barry Pettinger, Conroy Van der Lee, Ron Peters, Allan Huber, Charlie Kucey.  
 Third Row: Andy Law, Bob Morrow, Dave Stone, Bill Brown, Bill Reid, Melvin Henderson, Peter McCallum, Hank McClung.  
 Second Row: Roy Hamilton, Bill Carlson, Richard Olsen, Scott MacLean, Albert Young, Kenneth Shutt, Marshal Bodnar.  
 Front Row: Betty Sheppard, Joy Kisil, Joan Chapman, Miss Milbradt, Phyllis Pike, Sharon Bricker, Donna Sturgeon, Chloe Parks.  
 Missing: Joan Petrie, Cliff Newman, Boyd Olley, Gary Baptie.





GRADE 12, ROOM 119

Back Row: Hank Leenders, Jerry Hunt, Bob Macdonald, Dan Dunlop, John Raines, Neil VanCoughnet, Jules Nelson, Richard Knott.  
 Third Row: Richard Grovum, Armand Haine, Pat Olson, Eleanor Stebner, Ilene Nessel, Deanne Birrell, Dennis Larsen, Eric Arlidge.  
 Second Row: Sonia Stratychuk, Jo-Ann Einblau, Wanda Tews, Yvonne Curlett, Miss Woods, Marilyn Conn, Emily Clarke, Audrey Peacock, Dorothy Tetzlaff.  
 Front Row: Zell Ozirny, Lorraine Buzinsky, Arlene Wingfield, Joan Duggan, Marion Bentley, Bernice Garrett, Evelyn Bartz, Jean Gunderson, Freda Taube.  
 Missing: Elizabeth Park.



## GRADE X ACADEMIC AWARDS



Back Row: Jon Scott, Walter Jerry Aoram, Douglas Hunter, Lynn Kathleen Newcombe, Sally Shortliffe, Eleanor Harper, Jerry Bredo, David Bogelund, Marshall Laub.  
Front Row: Thalia Savage, Ruth Runions, Margaret Lockhart, Audrey Lea-Wilson, Carol Dennison, Kathleen Hirsch, Judy Kutt, Nicolle Nykyforuk.



## GRADES XI AND XII ACADEMIC AWARDS



Standing: Grant Raisbeck, Wayne Haigh, Murdith McLean, Sonia Holowaychuk, Dianne Wallsten, Pat Simonsen, Robert McLeod, Laurence Mysak, Drake Hocking.  
Seated: Marilyn Steele, Doreen Draper, Dwight Helgason, Joena Hampton, Bill Magee, Lorraine Stepchuk, Ruth Frevel.



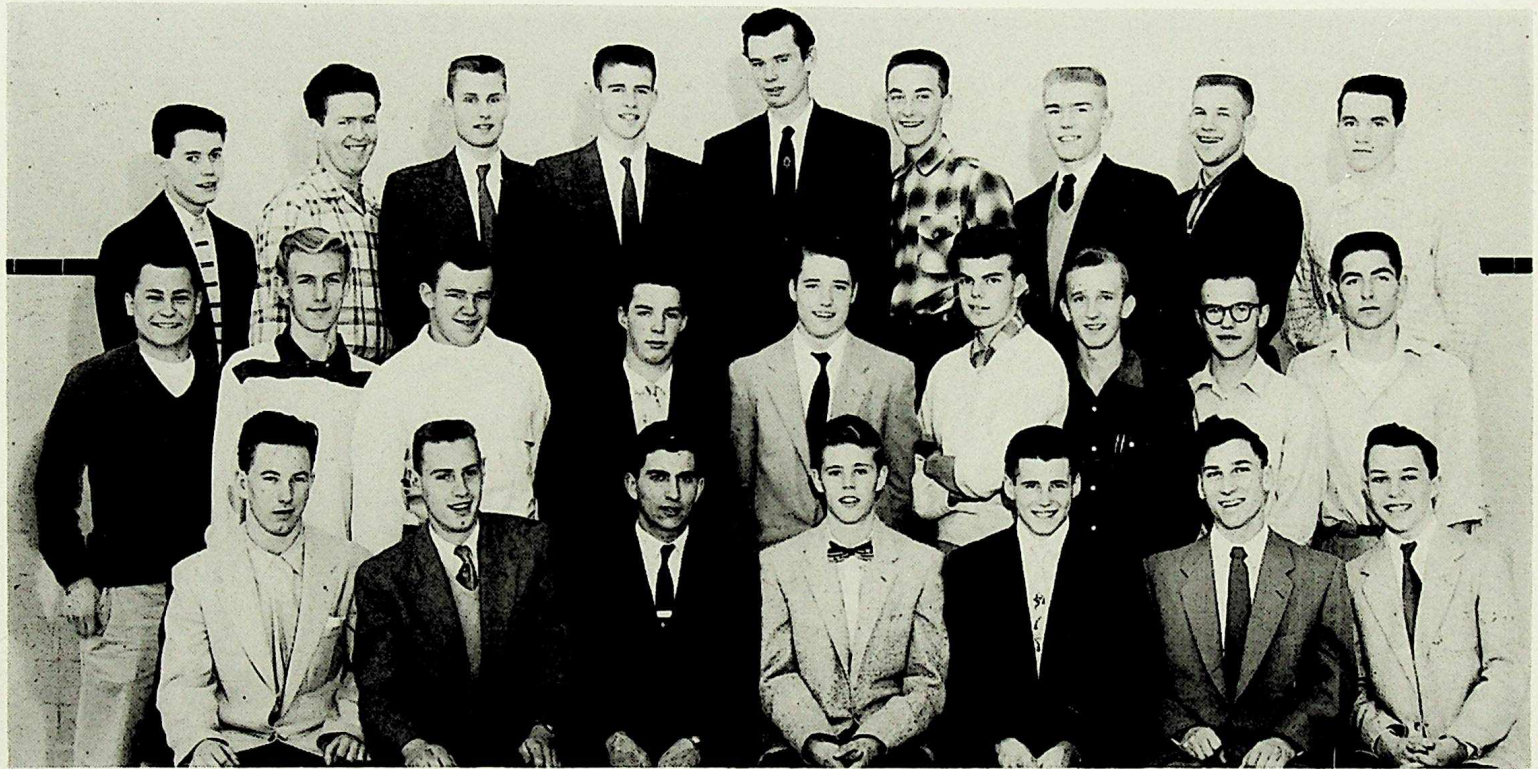
## GIRLS' ATHLETIC AWARDS



Standing: Vicki Van Vliet, Jane Schell, Louise Bayly, Barbara Heaps, Carol Sloane, Sally Shortliffe, Dorothy Barnes, Perry Shannon.  
Seated: Darlene Austin, Phyllis Pike, Marge Elsener, Joan Duggan, Carol Fraser, Darlene Albiston, Amelia Radomsky.



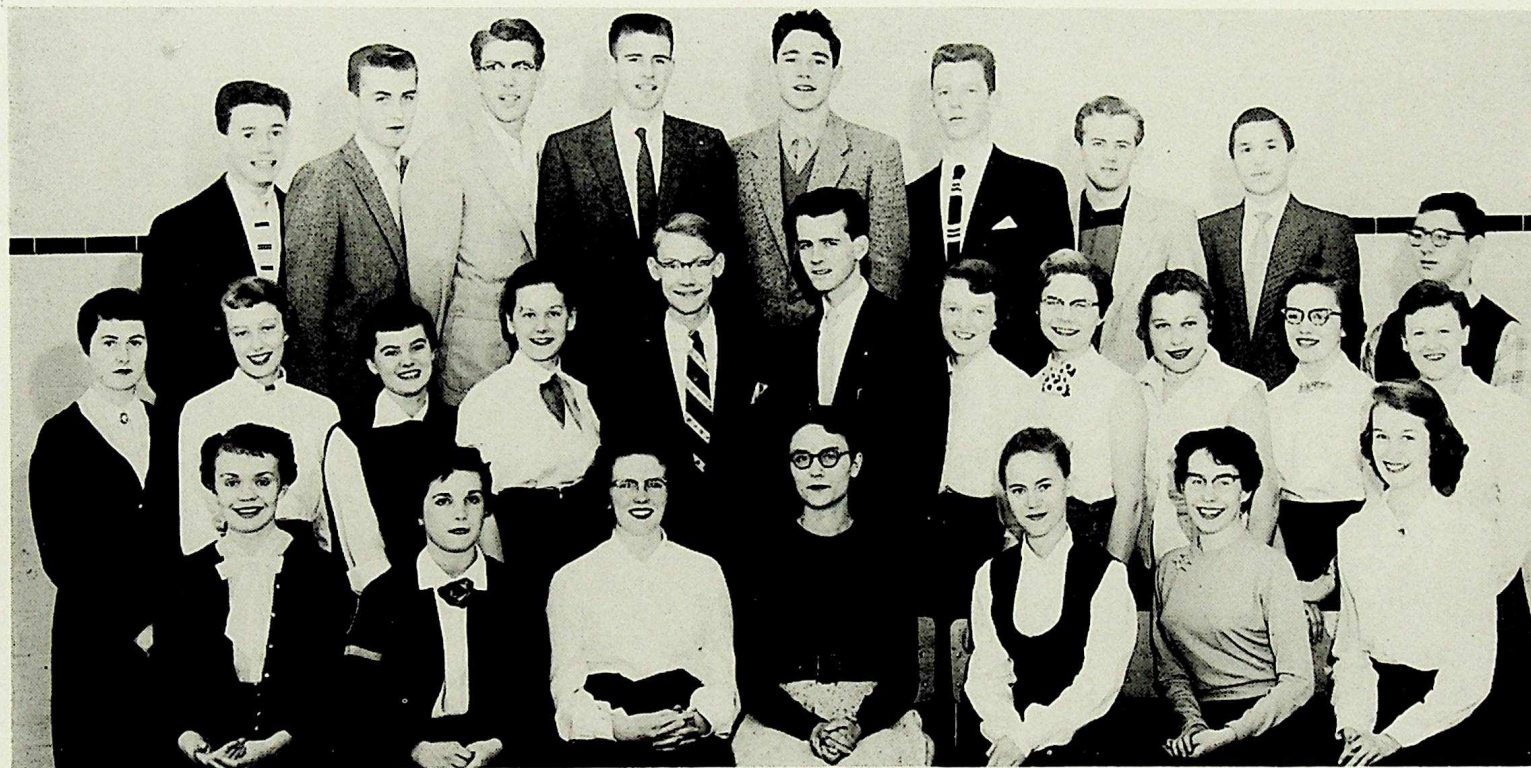
## BOYS' ATHLETIC AWARDS



Back Row: Bob Coyle, Jim Pollock, Rod Heise, Alex Carre, Frank Read, Harry Beleshko, Dennis Kadatz, Allan Elock, Geoffrey Lucas.  
 Centre Row: Orest Porayko, George Kingston, Ed Healy, Grant Raisbeck, Brian White, Douglas Comfort, Bill Kruper, Vic Chmelyk, Alvin Balanko.  
 Front Row: Cecil Hayduk, Cliff Newman, Howard Tebbutt, George Bulgin, Don Stanne's, Robert Ratke, Fred Peel.



## SERVICE AWARDS



Back Row: Bob Coyle, Marvin Skripitsky, George Thews, Alex Carre, Garth Vallely, Bill Magee, Leroy Terry, Alan Ropchan, Henry Labercane.

Centre Row: Dee Dee Olson, Carol Evenson, Kathie Walker, Vicki Van Vliet, Bill Johnston, John McNeill, Arlene Wingfield, Tillie Chalice, Hannelore Kottke, Joan Duggan, Ilene Nessel.

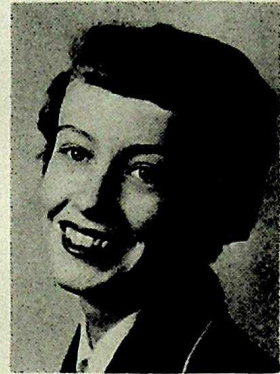
Front Row: Pat Simonsen, Audrey Duggan, Sheena McKee, Deanna Shandro, Darlene Ostrom, Joy Kisil, Amaryllis Eaton.

Missing: Shirley Slutsky, Carol Skelton.



## GRIESDORF TROPHY

The Griesdorf Trophy is awarded annually to the outstanding girl in the graduating class. This year's winner of the award is Carol Evenson. Carol was an academic award winner in Grade XI. She won awards for service last year in Grade XI and this year in Grade XII. During this present year she has served the student body capably as Second Vice President of the Students' Union and is also Social Editor of this volume of the Tricolor. Carol, although not an outstanding athlete, takes an active interest and part in our houseleagues. She was Houseleague President last year.



CAROL EVENSON



## STRATHCONA HOME AND SCHOOL ASSOCIATION TROPHY



VICKI VAN VLIET

This trophy, donated this year by the Strathcona Home and School Association, is to be awarded annually to the girl in Grade XII who best combines athletic ability with sportsmanship and leadership in athletics. Her academic standing must correspond to her ability. The trophy is awarded this year to Victoria "Vicki" Van Vliet. Vicki has been a member of the Junior Girls' Basketball team for two years and this year was the Captain of the Senior Girls' team. In addition, she has been on our Girls' Softball team for two years, our Swim team for three years, Captain of the Blue House, a referee, scorekeeper, and a coach for Houseleagues.

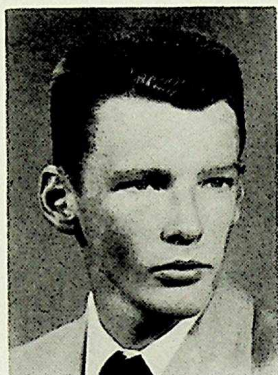




JOENA  
HAMPTON

## WEES CUP

The Wees Cup is awarded annually to the Grade XII student with the highest academic standing based on the averages of the Christmas and Easter reports. This year the cup is being awarded jointly to our two outstanding students, Joena Hampton and William Magee. Both students had an average mark of approximately 88%.



WILLIAM MAGEE

## SCARBOROUGH MEMORIAL TROPHY

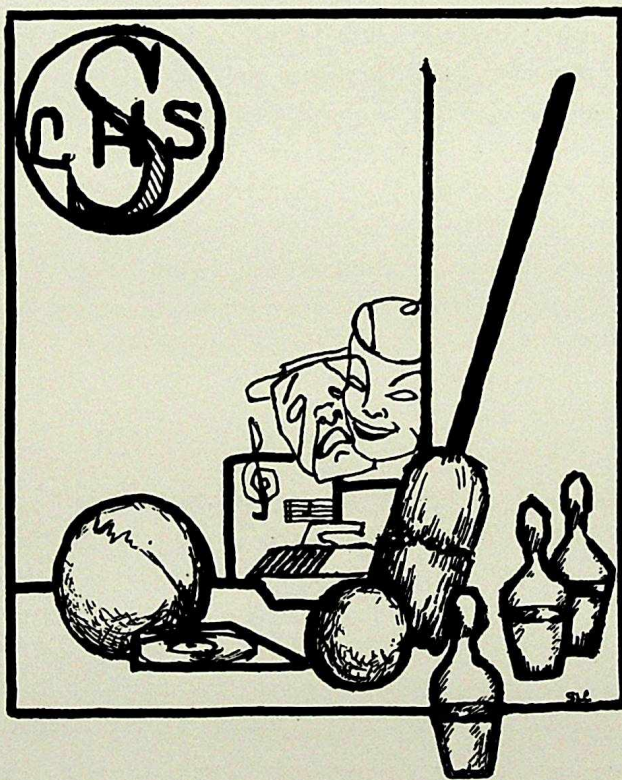
The Scarborough Trophy was donated by the Students' Union in memory of Mr. C. M. Scarborough, a former teacher of Strathcona High School. It is awarded annually to the Grade XII student who possesses the qualities that Mr. Scarborough stood for—outstanding service and academic achievement. The award this year goes to William "Bill" Magee. Bill has won service awards in Grades XI and XII, and academic awards in Grades X, XI and XII. His outstanding contribution to the school this year was handling the advertising for this copy of the Tricolor. He did the job with great competence, taking complete responsibility to the point where the printers took over. The best way of expressing the feeling of the committee, in making this award, is to quote one of the teachers who said, "Mr. Scarborough, himself, would have selected Bill for this trophy".

## HARLEY-MILLER-SUTTON MEMORIAL TROPHY

Not awarded this year.



# Activities





# SOCIAL

## INITIATION DANCE

As a welcome change from the trials of Initiation Day, the Annual Frosh Dance was held with a large crowd in attendance. Penalties were meted out to the Frosh by Executioner Glen Pillott, in spite of the protests by the defense, Tony Flanders. Other members of the court were Prosecuting Attorney Doran McMullin, Judge John McNeil, and the jury, made up of the Students' Union Executive. Dancing followed in the Garneau Gym which was decorated in Fall tones with leaves strung overhead. Mark Cohen entertained the crowd with a solo. Prizes for dances were won by Cathy Zurch and George Skinner; Alison Traynor and Bob Green; and Norma Peebles and Bob Wohl. The music was supplied by recordings.

## CHRISTMAS DANCE

The Christmas dance made a fitting prelude to the festive season after the pressure of exams. The Gym was gaily decorated with large Christmas balls hung overhead and one large red ball in the centre. Santa Claus visited the gathering from the North Pole and Mark Cohen provided vocal entertainment with his rendition of "I Don't Know Why". The music was provided by Boyd and Chaney's orchestra, greatly appreciated by the many students. Norma Hunter and Bill Hill won a spot dance. Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year were exchanged as tired but happy students filed out the door looking forward to the welcome holiday ahead.

## VALENTINE DANCE

An epoch-making occasion, "Sweethearts' Swirl", Scona's Annual semi-formal dance, was the first dance to be held in the new gym. This beautiful hall was adorned with hearts by the hundreds, streamers, balloons and daffodils, all creating a beautiful atmosphere for the radiant Queen. Blonde, blue eyed Pat Simonsen was chosen "Miss Scona 1955-56" by the judges, consisting of the Teaching Staff. Pat was one of the ten charming girls contesting the title. She was presented with a rhinestone set donated by Oakie Jewellers and a bouquet of flowers from the Students' Union. Phil McComb and his orchestra provided the music for the large crowd in attendance.





### "MISS SCONA" CANDIDATES

Standing: Audrey Duggan, Dee Dee Olson, Carole Skelton, Heather Pisactky, Joanne Hobbs, Jean Wells, Kathy Walker.  
Seated: Carol Evenson, "Miss Scona" Pat Simonsen, Beverly McCleary.



## GRADUATION BANQUET AND DANCE

The Graduation Banquet and Dance climaxed our first year in the new school. The main banquet room was filled with graduands, undergraduates, parents and friends. Garth Vallely, President of the Graduating Class, acted as chairman. Murdith McLean gave the Toast to the Graduating Class and Pat Klinck replied. Bill Magee proposed the Toast to the New School and Mr. McNaught replied. A Toast to the Parents was given by John McNeill and ably replied to by Captain G. E. Manning. Joena Hampton was Valedictorian and Catherine Manning, Class Historian. Dr. E. J. Thompson, Principal of St. Stephen's College, was the guest speaker. Entertainment was provided by soprano Betty Stepchuk, accompanied by Deanna Shandro, and by Lorraine Stepchuk, who rendered a piano solo. After a short intermission, dancing to the music of Frank McCleavy's orchestra concluded a very special evening.



## STRATHCONA COMPOSITE DRAMA CLUB

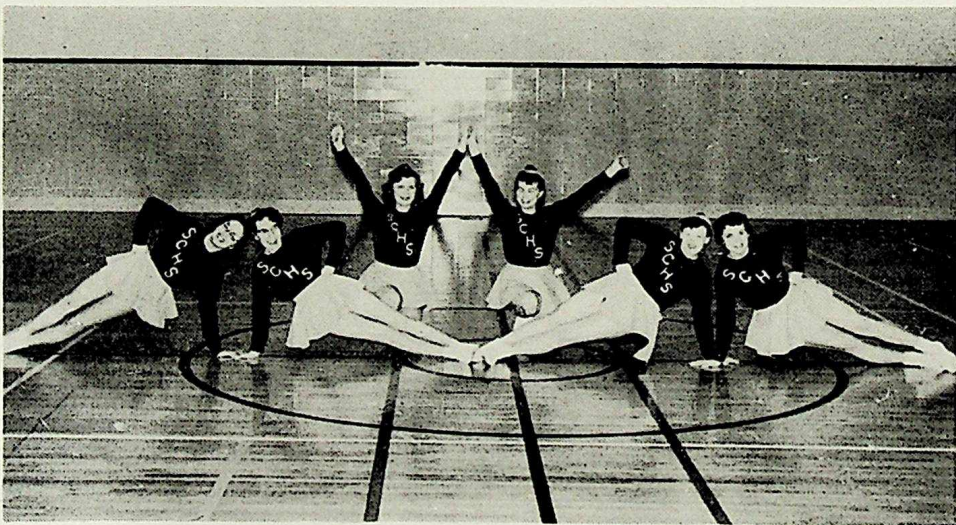


Back Row: Kay Piepgrass, Sally Shortliffe, Beatrice Kisil, Mark Cohen, Ellen David, Ralph Silver, Judy Kutt, Gale Nichols, Valerie Stoeher, Murdith McLean, Dianne Bunting, Carol Evenson, Hans Huizinga, Cathy Manning, John Hollingsworth, Audrey Pystoski, Gary Vance, Carol Skelton, Verla Dowell.

Third Row: Mildred Ham, Pat Olson, Eleanor Parker, Donna Birdsell, Betty Chechotko, Irene Hendrickson, Donna Ostrom, Dianne Hayter, Deanna Christophers, Dorothy Christophers, Carol Dennison, Karen Kugelstadt, Sheene McKee.

Second Row: Betty Jenkins, Shirley Slutsky, Gail Abbott, Doran McMullen, Dennis Kadatz, Mr. Pimm (Sponsor), Donna Kenway, Valerie Logan, Merle Whyte, Thalia Savage, Mereldine Schramm.

Front Row: Doug Reid, Don Knowles, Dennis Frazer, Alan Elock, Alex Carre, Tony Flanders, Peter Montgomery, Brian Taylor, Grant Morrison.





## OUR YEAR PLAY

A limp and sour note on a trumpet opened the first major dramatics production of the year—the annual year play. Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth" was presented April 26th, 27th and 28th by the Drama 10 and 20 classes. Presented by "Uncle" Don Pimm, our drama teacher, the cast included Murdith McLean as Mr. Antrobus; Ali Grodeland, Sabina; Audrey Pystoski, Mrs. Antrobus; Gary Vance, Henry; Kathy Walker, Gladys; and the fortune-teller played by Deanna Wright; among forty-odd others.

The insane plot told of the Antrobus family, who, through willpower and determination, survive such cataclysms as the Ice Age, the Flood, and the "Great War". After defeating the threats of the dinosaurs, the near seduction of poor Mr. Antrobus, and the war started by Henry, their son, the family musters enough courage and hope to face the future and build a new world as the whole thing starts over again.

A hectic month was spent in rehearsals, set building and prop hunting. Much to our surprise and joy, the lighting board was finally completed and installed on the eve of the opening night. The last two days before opening were spent in scouring the city in search of props and make-up. To say that we worked is to make the understatement of the year! And then, before we had a chance to take a second breath we were on stage and it was opening night.

All in all it was a funny, exciting, frantic and successful beginning of dramatic activities on the new and beautifully equipped stage. Those who saw the play will long remember Murdith's drooping moustaches, Ali's 1909 bathing suit, hordes of celebrating conveners, and Audrey bawling out those poor "innocent" little children.

—Bill Hominuke.



## DRAMA CRESTS

Drama Crests were awarded to the following: Gail Abbott, Tillie Chalice, Mark Cohen, Shirley Cornelius, Bill Hominuke, Dennis Kadatz, Murdith McLean, Gary Vance, Kathleen Walker and Deanna Wright.



## PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB



Back Row: Marvin Skripitsky, Bill Yeudall, Ralph Silver, Glen Leckie, Don Smith, Doug Hunter.  
 Centre Row: Harry Sim, Dave Everett, Patsy Clark, Mr. I. M. Nicoll (Advisor), Dorothy Clark, Bill Putnam, Bob Pearson.  
 Front Row: Milton Halvarson, Pat Simonsen, Kathleen Williamson, Judy Kutt, Marie Parasiuk, John McEwen.  
 Missing: Warren Ngo, Leora Bowden.



## ART CLUB



Standing: Gerald Dixon, Edgar Greenwood, Gary Johnstone, Mr. O. A. Stratte, Wayne Johnston, Alfred Schmidt.  
 Seated: Adeline Yakimowich, Shirley Slutsky, Donna Kenway, Sharon Cantor, Margaret Richards, Pat Simonsen.



## MUSIC APPRECIATION AND DANCE CLUB



Standing: Audrey Ewaschuk (Social Convener), Arthur Lister (Grade X Rep.), Brian White (Vice President), Leroy Terry (Social Convener).  
Seated: Mr. J. A. Davies (Assistant Sponsor), Tillie Chalice (Secretary-Treasurer), Alex Carre (President), Mr. A. J. Heywood (Sponsor), Audrey Duggan (Grade XI Rep.)



## BADMINTON CLUB



Garth Vallely, Carol Skelton, Wes Candler, Miss Hutton and Mr. Radomsky (Sponsors), Gloria Bruce, Brian White.



## DEBATING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING



Miss E. Milbradt (Advisor), Ernest Runions, Pat Klinck, Pat Simonsen, Bill Johnstone, Ernest Berendt, Dwight Helgason, Martin Hocking.



## S.C.H.S. ORCHESTRA



Back Row: Earl Berg, Murdith McLean, Roy Abbott, Jon Scott, Herb Bromley.

Centre: Drake Hocking, John Adshead, Al Anderson, Mr. C. Mayes (Leader), John Guthrie, Robin Stolee, Joe Weidman.

Front Row: Marvin Miniely, Ralph Waggott, Orest Urchak, Carolyn Smith, Lawrence Mysak (President), Roberta Paul, Deloyc Burch, Dennis Ward, Mr. D. Pimm.

Missing: Dale Hillary, Jack Ough, Herbert Hartwig, Nestor Slipchuk.



## CURLING CLUB



Back Row: Bill Halford, Douglas Anderson, Dexter Lindberg, Roger Cummings, Charles Kucey, Bill Magee, Bill Brown, Jim Pollock, Jim Dingey, Art Lister, Gordon Peturrson.  
 Centre Row: Jack McCoy, Barry Wetter, Spencer Denny, Roger Koss, Don Podgurney, Harvey Wiltzen, Kim Andrews, Larry McMahon, Jim Murray, Walter Olney.  
 Front Row: Doreen Draper, Pat Olson, Eleanor Adams, Miss E. Dodds (Sponsor), Yvonne Oblak, June Newsome, Maureen Howard, Mr. K. Brown (Sponsor).

Rink representing our school in the Taylor and Pearson playoffs: Harvey Wiltzen, Don Podgurney, Kim Andrews and Roger Koss.

## TABLE TENNIS CLUB



Front Row: Dave Fowler, Bill Yeudall, Hank Leenders (President), Mr. Morrison (Advisor), Don Campbell (Vice President), Wes Candler, Brian Walker, Dennis Fraser, Allan Ropchan.  
 Centre Row: Wayne Haigh, Bob Anderson, Harvey Alton, Lorraine Stepchuk, Carol Skelton, Loretta Singer, Edwin Love, Ross Pearson, Alfred Schmidt, Jim Fraser.  
 Back Row: Jack McCoy, Paul Prince, Carl Whiteside, Fred Moizahn, Jack Willmore, Norman Wylie, Jim Kendrick, Clifford Bristow, Jim Kane, Vic Chmelyk.



## S.C.H.S. BATON CLUB



Betty Fletcher, Sharon Gallagher, Barbara Taylor, Joanne Hobbs, Noel Myers, Lois Howells, Mavis Sawers.  
Instructor—Milton Halvarson.  
Sponsor—Miss C. Holmgren.



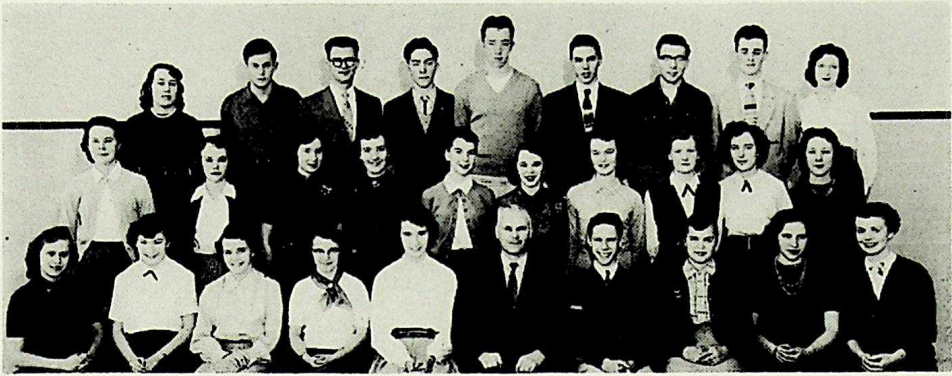
## GLEE CLUB



Back Row: Olive Jones, Shirley Pollitt, Evelyn Burch, Gary Vance, John Hollingsworth, Ron Anderson, Murdith McClean, Erich Berendt, Ernest Runions, Pat Darbyshire, Marlene Stephen, Sheila McLeod, Donna Birdsell.  
Centre Row: Ann Weidman, Margaret Mix, Anne Lucas, Dorcas Christophers, Doris Ostashek, Pat Olson, Lorraine Buzinsky, Carol West, Judy Kolotyluk, Louella Nykiforuk, Margaret Felan, Carol Skelton, Zenia Lukianchuk, Beth Jeffrey, Lorraine Hartwig, Evelyn Formansky, Maureen Keller.  
Front Row: Ellen David, Anne Cartledge, June Dalby, Sharon Hill, Deanna Shandro, Mr. Olson (Sponsor), Donna Kenway, Lorraine Stepchuk, Irene Hendrickson, Joan Formansky, Dianne Bunting.



## I.S.C.F.



Back Row: Audrey Lea-Wilson, Edgar Greenwood, Erich Berendt, David Anderson, Ron Anderson, Hank Leenders, Ross Pearson, Edwin Love, Shirley PoPlitt.  
 Centre Row: Joan Howell, Margaret Richards, Carol Anderson, Norma Radway, Jane Schell, Margaret Mix, Marilyn Plewes, Muriel Goa, Katherine Hirsch, Olive Jones.  
 Front Row: Ruth Runions, Darlene Whitefoot, Margaret Lockhart, Mavis Sawers, Margaret McDonald, Mr. Mix (Sponsor), Ernest Runions (President), Darlene Dulsrud, Levila Prier, Pat Simonsen.



## RED CROSS



Back Row: Dorothy Tetzlaff, Violet Sarri, Donna Gibson, Margaret Mix, Joan Hendrickson, Cathy Johnson, Joan Chapman, Zenia Lukianchuk, Elinor Glenn, Heather Pisactky, Marie McLeod.  
 Centre Row: Don Tronsgard, Charlotte Benke, Marilyn M. Smith, Evelyn Morris, Lorraine Buzinsky, Miss P. Woods (Sponsor), Maureen Keller, Gwen Sidenberg, Dorothy Folkman, Sylvia Prochnau, Val Logan, Joyce Hay, Marian Johnstone.  
 Front Row: Sheila McLeod, Eva Milobar, Pat Olson, Carol Negal, Penny Kellam, Sheena McKee (President), Miriam Linden, Betty Park, Gail Gardener, Jean Wells, Christine Perry.



## CHESS AND CHECKER CLUB



Back Row: Neil Hefferman, Mike Weir, Glen Jones, Doug McDonald, Peter Thompson, John Hollingsworth, Curtis Vail, Garth Vallely, Robert Crowle, Ross Lepard, Lynton Trenear, Barry Wetter, David Anderson, Don Webber, Gale Nichols, Ted Prinsen.

Third Row: Marshall Laub, Drake Hocking, Herbert Glasel, Horst Eisenhauer, Dennis Robinson, Bryan Hamilton, Reg Roberts, Ken Edwards, Harvey Streitz, George Bell, Lawrence Mysak, Doug Buchanan, Dennis Larson, Clifford Drew, Harry Sim.

Second Row: John Osbjornsen, Bob Comfort, Paul Prince, Don Hamilton, Jack McCoy, Otto Zander (Secretary-Treasurer), Mr. G. Porges (Sponsor), Robert McLeod (President), Lee Hansen, Dave McFarlane, Allan Ropchan, Bill Johnston.

Front Row: Peter Montgomery, Rolf Gunderson, Jim Thorp, George Bryant, Jerry Auram, Bill Yeudall, Guy Ranger, Armand Haine, Warren Lyse, Billy Scott, Murray Allen.

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## A WINTER'S NIGHT

(Essay Contest Second Prize)

By MARGERY LONGHURST

The mention of a winter's night for some, brings to mind freezing cold and blowing snow—a night to be spent in the warmth of one's home beside a cosy fire. To me, however, the mention of a winter's night suggests one of the loveliest creations of Mother Nature. It is seldom that a winter's night is a raging blizzard; more often it is quite serene. True, it is most likely cold, but when one dresses properly as one should in the winter, who minds the cold?

I like to be outdoors walking at night in the winter. When the sky is clear, the moon and the stars seem so much closer than they are at any other time of the year. Also, there is the mystic Aurora Borealis rippling like the folds of draperies across the sky, forever changing color and shape. The snow sparkling like millions of tiny diamonds in the starlight, crunches underfoot with every step. The air is keen and fresh-smelling, and every breath fills one with the exhilarating feeling that it's good to be alive.

A winter's night also brings that "Christmas feeling" closer to home. Children are reminded of Santa Claus and his reindeers; young people look



## BLOTTER STAFF



Back Row: Murdith McLean, Hans Huzinga, Milton Halvarson, Harvey Hopkins, Wayne Waffle, Harry Beleshko, Alex Carre, Don Tannas, Henry Labercane, Rod Hisloo, Grant Morrison.  
 Centre Row: Ruth Calder, Myra McBride, Lee Hansen, Carole Skelton, Louella Nikyforuk, Betty Park, Sharon Warrack, Deanna Christohers, Carolyn Smith, Joyce Hay, Penny Kellam, Mereldine Schramm.  
 Front Row: Donna Kenway, Amaryllis Eaton, Shirley Slutsky, Deanna Shandro (Editor-in-Chief), Mr. O. A. Olson (Advisor), Mrs. I. Miller (Advisor), Dee Dee Olson, Darlene Albiston, Thalia Savage, Eleanor Harper.

forward to the gaiety of the Christmas season; oldsters recall happy memories of past years, and the more serious-minded reflect upon the true meaning of Christmas and how it has affected the world.

Up-town at night during the Christmas season, the store windows are filled with gay decorations and displays, and hordes of shoppers bustle to and fro loaded down with bundles of all sizes and shapes. Bright lights, the smiling faces of happy people—all are reflected by the feathery flakes of softly-falling snow that covers each passer-by in a frothy mantle of white. Here and there, a child stops to examine the curious designs of the flakes on his sleeve, while another sticks his tongue out trying to catch an elusive snowflake to discover what it tastes like.

Yes, on a winter's night, one can find beauty everywhere, and the narrow-minded souls who only shiver at the thought, fail to realize that they are missing one of the great joys of living.





## VOLLEYBALL



Back Row: Don Weber, Vic Chmelyk, Roger Cumming, Kent Sharp, Bill Pawluk, Cliff Newman, Rod Heise, George Kingston, Richard Gallimore, Ralph Gunderson, Geoff Lucas.  
 Centre Row: Mr. J. Kruger (Sponsor), Darlene Albiston, Tillie Chalice, Barbara Surbeck, Loretta Moore, Evelyn Burch, Loretta Kyle, Barbara Heaps, Evelyn Bartz, Marjorie Elsener, Amelia Radomsky.  
 Front Row: Audrey Duggan, Beatrice Kisil, Gail Abbott, Norma Hunter, Sally Shortliffe, Carole Sloane, Leora Bowden, Marilyn Muir, Darlene Austin, Perry Shannon.  
 Kneeling: Junior Girls' Captain, Anne Lucas; Senior Girls' Captain, Audrey Duggan.



## BOYS' HOUSELEAGUE BASKETBALL



Left to Right: Captains of Senior League, Bob Coyle, Bob Johnston, Don Knowles, Henry Leenders, Garth Vallely; Mr. J. C. Dubeta (Sponsor); Junior League Captains, Gale Nichols, Ray Bodnar, Curtis Sloan, Neil Johnson.



## CHEERLEADERS



Back Row: Sharon Hamilton, Sally Shortliffe, Val Logan, Marlene Somers, Dorothy Barnes, Audrey Ewasiuk, Jean Wells.  
 Third Row: Lorraine Buzinsky, Marlene Trudel, Sonia Stratyckuk, Darlene Ostrom, Sandy Lott, Donna Tlintoft, Christine Bray.  
 Second Row: Corrinne Turner, Arlene Wingfield, Margaret James, Lois Holt, Shirley Slutsky, Tillie Chalice, Joyce Neilson, Pat Wuycik, Betty Chechotko.  
 Front Row: Gail Abbott, Joan Duggan, Joy Kisil, Ilene Nessel, Audrey Duggan, Bea Kisil.

The Senior Football Cheerleaders, led by Darlene Ostrom, not only displayed new outfits, yells and patterns, but also new enthusiasm which often spurred our players on to greater action. Wearing, toques, green cords and gold V-neck sweaters, the cheerleaders, for the first time, used megaphones and posters to accent their new routines.

Under the leadership of Shirley Slutsky, the Junior Football Cheerleaders faithfully supported our Juniors at the games held on the S.S. Athletic Grounds.

To climax a strenuous season, the Basketball Cheerleaders, led by Joy Kisil, tied with Vic for the High School Cheerleading Championship. These agile girls added spice to their yells with new acrobatic routines. The girls in the front row of the above picture were on this enthusiastic team.

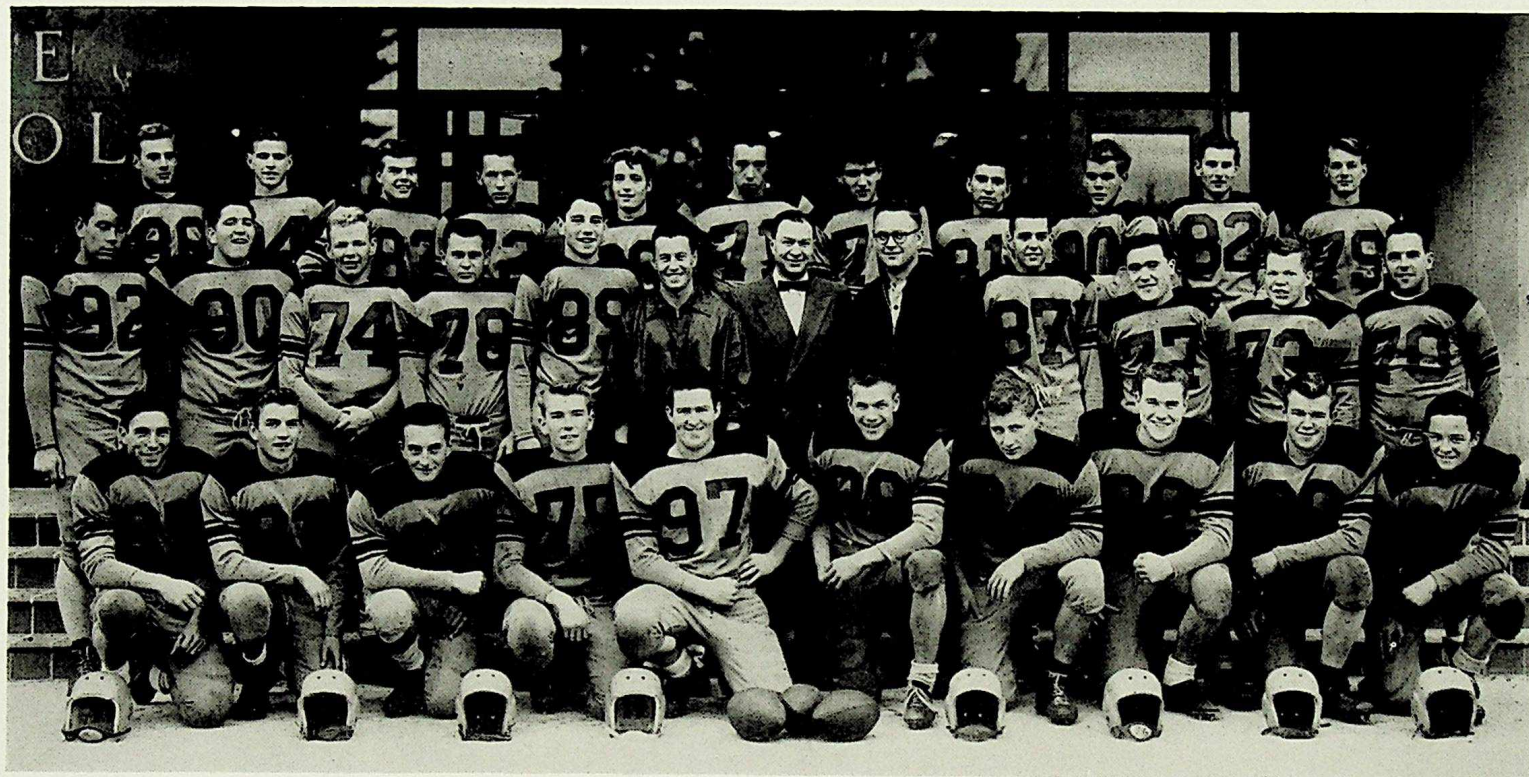
### SOME NEW S.C.H.S. YELLS

Hey SCHS, They've got the team now!  
 Hey SCHS, They're on the beam now!  
 They've got the pep, Right in step,  
 Hey! Hey! HS Fight!

We're a real hep team from a frantic school,  
 Where the cats talk bop and the gang's real cool;  
 We're behind our school if they win or lose,  
 For a real hep team it's Scona we choose.  
 We've got the spirit and the drive, drive;  
 Can't you see our team's alive?  
 We wish them luck so we will give  
 Three cheers for Scona High!



## SENIOR RUGBY



Back Row: Cliff Newman, Alex Carre, Doug Comfort, Ron Myron, Brian White, Ron Anderson, Stuart Smith, Howard Tebbutt, Keith Kendal, Rod Heise, Roy Hamilton.  
 Centre Row: Don Lee, Bob Paterson, Rod Hislop, Orest Porayko, Garth Vallely, Mr. Drake, Mr. McDonald, Mr. Thom, Rod Esper, Earl Armstrong, Bob Lammie, Jerry Hunt.  
 Front Row: Harold Palmer, Dale Stewart, Harry Beleshko, Dennis Kadatz, Jim Pollock, Allen Elock, Adrian Snidanko, Doran McMullin, Ed Healy, Maury Van Vliet.



## JUNIOR RUGBY



Back Row: Bill Morris, Al Balanko, Alf Schimpf, Mr. McDonald, Mr. Melnychuk, George Bulgin, Jon Scott, Roger Carnegie.  
 Third Row: Cecil Hayduk, Fred Grossman, Bruce Jarrow, Robin Stole, Bob Johnston, Gary Vance, Bill Kruper.  
 Second Row: Terry Clark, Bob Coyle, Cliff Drew, Roger Knott, Doug Anderson, Grant Raisbeck, John Murland, Don Henderson.  
 Front Row: Roger Campbell, Bill Blinston, Bill Magee, Vic Cchmelyk (Captain), George Kingston, Gayle Nicholls, Bob Anderson.

## JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Although the powerful Junior squad won four of their five league games they failed to gain a playoff spot. As a result of their wins Scona was tied along with Vic and Sep for first place, but the two northside clubs' superior for and against averages left our Juniors out of the running.

The Juniors showed a good brand of football and Mr. Melnychuk is to be congratulated on his able coaching.



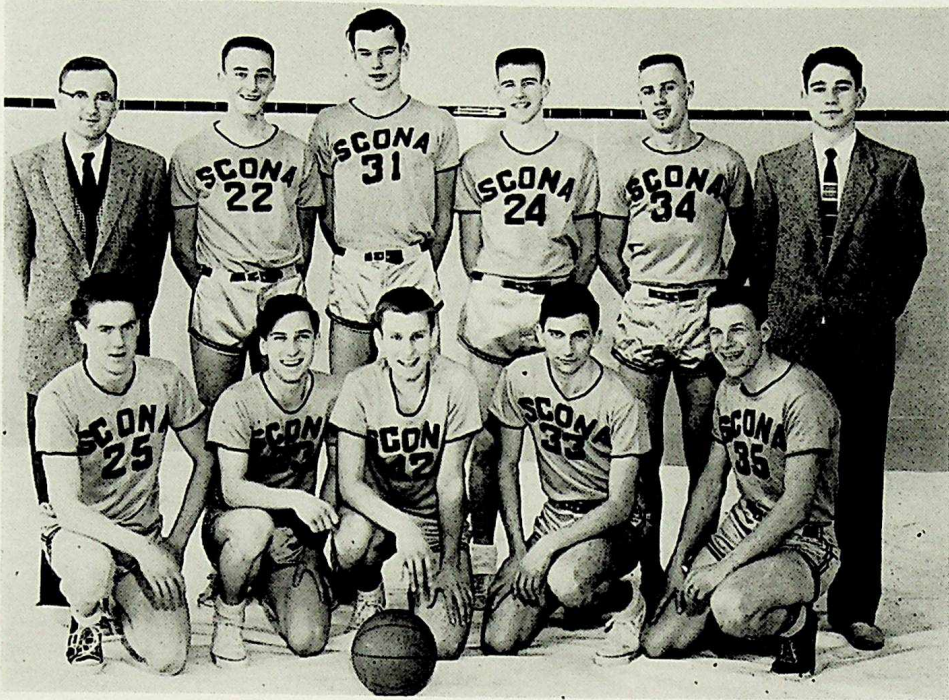
## SENIOR RUGBY

Using the double fullback formation and the prolific passing of Cliff Neuman and Alan Elock, the team won two and lost two games. They tied for second place with Eastglen and Westglen, but the team gained a berth into the finals by a better points for and against average. However, they were defeated in the finals by Vic, 18-0.

A great deal of the team's success is due to Mr. C. Drake and Jerry Thom, who unselfishly spent many hours in coaching them.



## SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL



Back Row: Mr. R. Melnychuk (Coach), Harry Beleshko, Frank Reid, Alex Carre, Cliff Newman, Garth Vallely (Manager).  
Front Row: Jerry Raddis, Bob Ratke, Rod Heise (Captain), Howard Tebbutt, Alan Elock.

The Seniors had a very successful season. In regular league play they won six and lost two games. As a result they ended the season in first place in the league standings. They met Vic in the best of three city finals, but were beaten out 45-43 and 51-39 in two straight games.

Three players made the city All-Star team. They were Harry Belesko, Frank Read and Rod Heise.

Congratulations go to the team for their fine showing and to Mr. Melnychuk for his able coaching.

Special thanks to the Cheerleaders who kept the school spirit alive with their yells.



## JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL



Back Row: Alan Ropchan (Manager), Doug Lewis (Manager), Bob Milligan, Bill Gilbertson, John Asbjornsen, Don Russell, Barry Ball, Curtis Sloane, Mr. C. Drake (Coach).  
Front Row: Bob Bowser, Ted March, Grant Raisbeck, Geoff Lucas, George Kingston, Bob Rose, Ray Bodnar, Gale Nichols.

The Juniors had only a mediocre season, winning four of their twelve league games, but they did give the toughest opposition trouble near the end of the season.

Mr. Drake should be commended on his fine coaching as the boys gained a great deal of experience and knowledge of the fundamentals. This should be of great help to them next year.

## ROAD TRIP

On February 18th the Senior Girls' and Senior Boys' Basketball teams, along with the Cheerleaders and two bus loads of fans, journeyed down to Red Deer. The girls lost 18-17 in a thrilling game while the boys took a narrow 39-36 decision over their Red Deer counterparts. A sock dance followed the games, then the buses returned to the city.

Special thanks to those teachers who went along on the trip.



## SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL



Back Row: Gloria Gardner, Carole Fraser, Carol Heffel, Miss E. Silk (Coach), Arlene Wingfield, Joan Duggan.  
Front Row: Dorothy Barnes, Marlene Somers, Vicki Van Vliet (Captain), Darlene Albiston, Marjorie Elsener.

## JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL



Back Row: Geraldine Sloane, Bernice Nass, Carole Sloan, Miss E. Silk (Coach), Sally Shortliffe, Doreen Ronaghan.  
Front Row: Darlene Austin, Mary-Anne Wendt, Gail Abbott (Captain), Betty Halford, Levila Prier.



# GIRLS' SPORTS

## BASKETBALL

**SENIOR**—Our Seniors were up against solid resistance in the Girls' High School Basketball League. However, with steady perseverance they came through and won twice over Scona High. A very keen sense of sportsmanship always prevailed throughout the games. The Captain of this team was Vicki Van Vliet.

An outstanding team is expected next year because many members will remain and advancements from the Juniors to the Seniors will be made. So, with the help of our skilled coach, Miss Silk, and the excellent facilities, the future looks bright.

**JUNIOR**—The Juniors had a disappointing season, losing all of their games by a margin of only a few points. Even so, it is felt that real progress was made as a result of the year's efforts. Gail Abbott was the Captain of this team. Miss Silk's competent coaching was greatly appreciated.

## HOUSELEAGUES

The House System was introduced this season to enable everyone to participate in his favorite sport. Great pleasure and satisfaction was experienced by all who took part.

The School was divided into permanent groups for Houseleague competition. There were four groups or houses and each had its own House Captain: Maroon, Arlene Wingfield; Green, Audrey Duggan; Gold, Eileen Nessel; Blue, Vicki Van Vliet. Because the groups were divided according to ability, the members did not meet with unfair competition.

Each house entered as many teams as it could in each league. Awards were offered on the basis of a point system and the house with the highest number of points at the end of the year will be named House Champion.

Volleyball was the first league, which started in January. Of the nine Senior teams, the Maroon Hepcats (Dorothy Barnes, Captain) represented Strathcona Composite at the Volleyball Houseleague party at Victoria Composite.

The winning team of the ten junior teams in the House System was the Green Beebops (Lorraine Hutton, Captain) who lost only one game during the whole season and represented our school at the House League party.

Because of a late start, Basketball was not included in the program this year. However, there are plans for Fastball for the rest of the term. Special thanks go to Miss Caven and Miss Brown for assisting with the supervision of these games.

## GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

Great interest was shown in this sport and there was keep competition for membership on these teams. Coached by Miss Silk, our teams participated in a tournament at St. Joseph's High and at Victoria Composite. Our teams did well in both tournaments although they were not lucky enough to come out winners. The Senior Captain was Audrey Duggan and the Junior Captain was Anne Lucas.

## BADMINTON

The annual Edmonton High School Badminton Tourney was held in our large gymnasium on April 13, 16, 17 and 18. The former knockout type of tournament in which one or two outstanding players often dominated the play, was replaced by a round robin series in which each school played every other school once. Teams consisted of ten players each—five boys and five girls.

Although time was very short, Scona Comp entered a team, coached by Miss Cal Holmgren, who also convened the inter-school tournament. As our gymnasium facilities were not immediately available, Miss Holmgren arranged to hold the first few practices at the Braeman Badminton Club.

Eastglen won the tourney in a playoff against Victoria Composite. However, Scona Comp. put forth a very creditable performance.

Team members were as follows: Gloria Brus, Marjorie Elsener, Pat Klinck, Amelia Radomsky, Marlene Stephen, Allen Murray, George Bulgin, George Kingston, Grant Raisbeck and Brian White.



## S.C.H.S. SWIM TEAM



Standing: Bill Putnam, Don Stanners, John Murray, Alex Carre, Bob Macdonald, Bob Coyle.

Kneeling: Betty Roberts, Fred Peel, Barbara Heaps.

Sitting: Lorraine Bice, Verla Dowle, Louise Bayly, Lynn Casky, Jane Schell, Vicki Van Vliet.

Missing: Marvin McDonald, Donna Wickstrom, Rod Allen, Perry Shannon, Murray Smith (Coach), Miss Cal Holmgren (Sponsor).



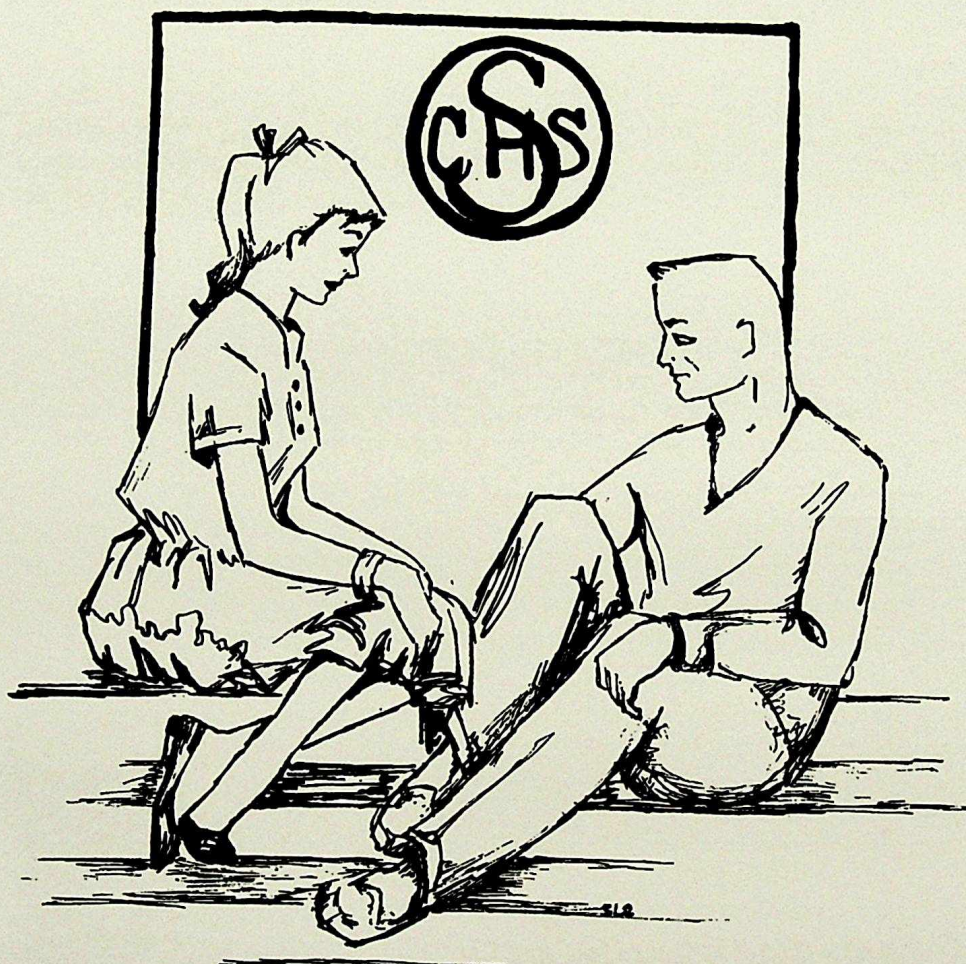
## SWIMMING

The Scona Comp. Swim team, under the coaching of Mr. Murray Smith, has completed a very successful and enjoyable year. Captained by Bob Macdonald, the team placed second in the Inter-School Swim Meet with a total of seventy-nine and one-half points. First place was captured in girls' diving, boys' diving, girls' fifty-yard free-style, boys' one hundred-yard free-style, girls' breast stroke, girls' seventy-five-yard relay and girls' fifty-yard breast stroke.

The previous record for the breast stroke of 45.7 seconds was broken by Barbara Heaps, who finished the race in 41.2 seconds.



# Personal





## THE SCHOOL CHOOSES

### BOY

Hair ..... Jim Pollock  
 Eyebrows ..... Fred Peel  
 Eyes ..... Bob Comfort  
 Smile ..... Larry Pinnell  
 Hands ..... Marvin Westlund  
 Legs ..... Orest Porayko  
 Clothes ..... Doug Comfort  
 Athlete ..... Robert Ratke  
 Dancer ..... Leroy Terry  
 Personality ..... Alex Carre  
 Brains ..... Bill Magee  
 Physique ..... Bill Morris  
 Shoulders ..... Rod Heise  
 Waist ..... Don Podgurny  
 Nose ..... Ray Yuskiw  
 Talent ..... Mark Cohen  
 All-round ..... John McNeill  
 Musician ..... Lawrence Mysak  
 Humor ..... Don Tannas

### GIRL

Hair ..... Marcel Saunders  
 Eyebrows ..... Carol Heffel  
 Eyes ..... Catherine Manning  
 Smile ..... Greta Houg  
 Hands ..... Judy Kolotyluk  
 Legs ..... Dorothy Rutherford  
 Clothes ..... Marlene Chappell  
 Athlete ..... Joan Duggan  
 Dancer ..... Darlene Ostrom  
 Personality ..... Dee Dee Olson  
 Brains ..... Joena Hampton  
 Figure ..... Marlyn Smith  
 Miss Scona Comp. .... Pat Simonsen  
 Waist ..... Christine Bray  
 Nose ..... Donna Flintoff  
 Talent ..... Alizon Grodeland  
 All-round ..... Kathy Walker  
 Musician ..... Lynne Newcombe  
 Humor ..... Vicki Van Vliet



## MOUTH. ORGAN

Tillie Chalice, carrying her pet monkey whom she called Joe Bedford, finally succeeded in making the monkey turn into the real thing.

Randy Mueller is planning a "blitzkreig" rendezvous on the Riviera this summer.

Dee Dee Olson is wondering. Children or hockey sticks?

Seems the bug has caught a few Sconaites—Al and Carol, Dennis and Carol, Jim and June, Dee Dee and Bob, Doran and Marilyn, Mickey and Kathy, Alex and Marg, Pat and John, John and Marilyn, Marlyn and Walter.

Six out of ten Miss Scona candidates from last year are engaged. How did you do it, girls?

What's the big attraction for Engineers, Deanna?

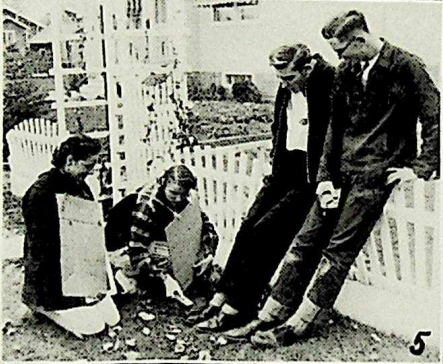
Why is Louella N. always taking "Sentimental Journeys" back to Stony Plain?

Harry Beleshko seems to be having trouble finding a girl to call his own.

Was it Eddie or the caddy, Pat Carnahan?

(Continued on Page 98)

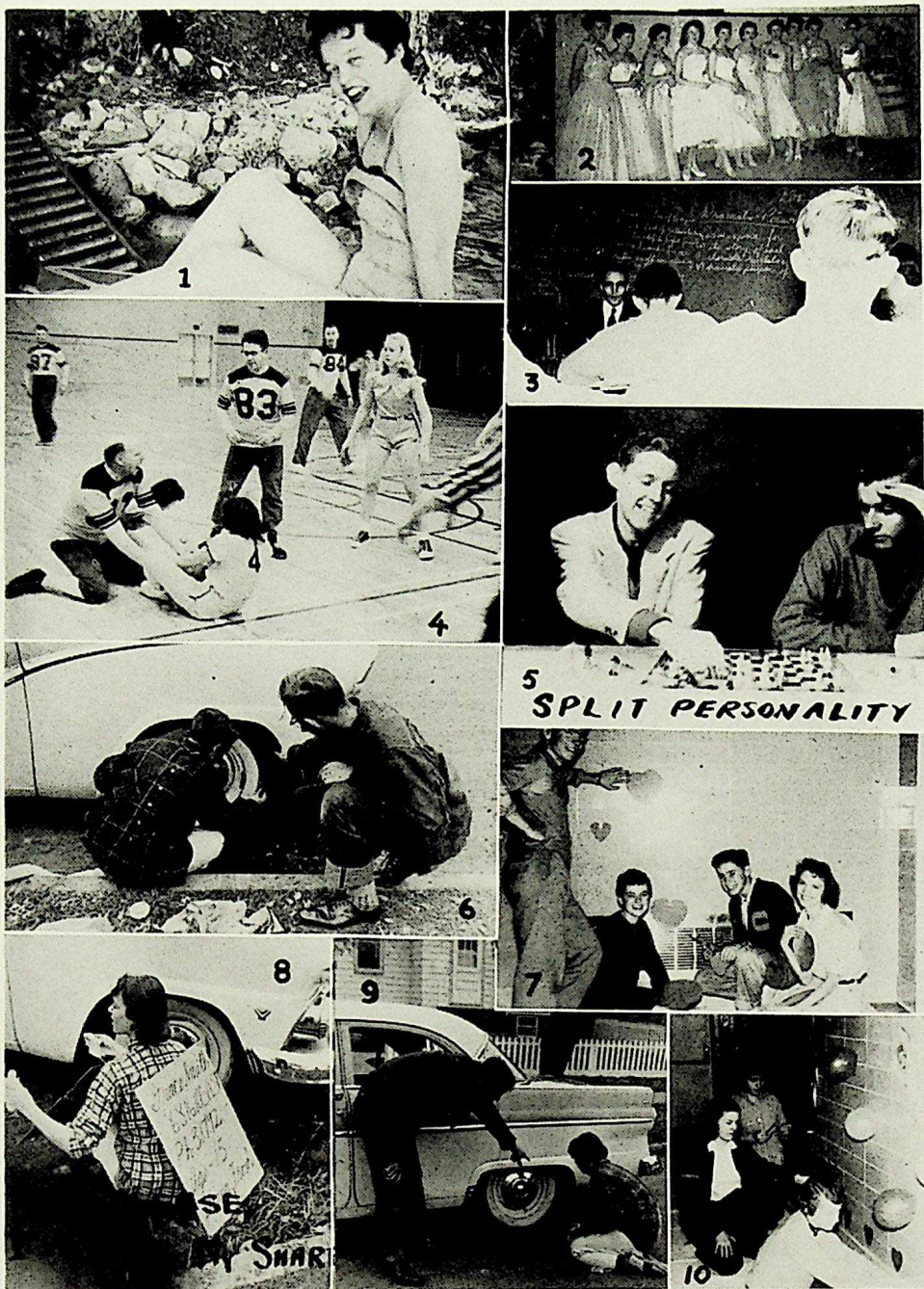




1. Left, right, left, right.
2. That prize-winning Heywood.
3. Don't take MY picture.
4. The man with the axe.
5. Trust those two.

6. Beside the little red building.
7. Up, up and away.
8. One of those exciting games.
9. Our Vice President.





1. Well hello-o-o-o-o, to you.
2. Miss Scona candidates.
3. Write five essays and three short stories for tomorrow.
4. Battle of the ball.
5. Split personality.

6. There's still some dirt up there.
7. Preparing the Gym.
8. Aw, please, I've had my share.
9. Get that toothbrush working.
10. My, how nice the Gym looked.



## DISC PARTY

The Great Pretender .....	Rod Allen
Seventeen .....	Ruby Houg
Sixteen Tons .....	Jim Frazer
Blue Suede Shoes .....	Randy Meuller
Side By Side .....	Dee Dee Olson and Bob Beuhrer
Always .....	Al Elock and Carol Evenson
House of Blue Lights .....	Barb Logan
Memories Are Made of This .....	Bob McDonald
Band of Gold .....	Deanna Shandro
It's Almost Tomorrow .....	The Grad Class
Change of Heart .....	Marlene Chappell
Heartbreak Hotel .....	Jerry Hunt
Riding Shotgun .....	Scott McLean
Suddenly There's Vallyly .....	Audrey Duggan
September Song .....	Jim Pollock and June Newsome
I'm a Rollin' .....	Vicki Van Vliet
Cross Over the Bridge .....	Luella Nykiforuk
My Bonnie (Wee) Lassie .....	Sheena McKee
Rock and Roll Waltz .....	John Vant and Mona Weldon
Tutti Frutti .....	Shirley Slutsky
Cherry Pink .....	Sharon Darnell
Home on the Range .....	Bill Magee
Why Do Dolls Fall In Love? .....	Dennis Kadatz
Are You Satisfied? .....	Alex Carre
A Tear Fell .....	Bob Coyle
Drink! Drink! Drink! .....	James Elsener
Shake, Rattle and Roll .....	Joan Petrie
Eddie, My Love .....	Pat Carnahan
No Not Much .....	Darlene Ostrom and Doug Comfort
Mr. Wonderful .....	Myra McBride
Tennessee Wig Walk .....	Marge Baril
Far Away Place .....	Zel Ozirney
Juke Box Baxy .....	Tillie Chalice
He .....	Amy Radomsky
Rusty Old Halo .....	Bill Carlson
Cool Water .....	Don Wallace
Hot Diggety .....	Robin Stolee
I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Cry .....	Ann Gouthro
Thirteen Women .....	Adrian Snidanko
Rock Around the Clock .....	Leroy Terry
I Was the One .....	John Murray
Teenage Prayer .....	Nancy Sykes
Young at Heart .....	Carl Whiteside
Sentimental Journey .....	Jane Schell
Wandering .....	Lorraine Buzinsky



## MOUTH ORGAN

(Continued)

Dear John . . . deliver to Wainwright . . . love, Zelda.  
Not going steady? Doug and Darlene? Sonia and Roy?  
Bob Coyle's main excuse is "lack of female companionship!"  
Is it Mona or the free shows at the Garneau, Johnny?  
What happened to "Gentleman's Day," John McNeill?

We find it increasingly difficult to distinguish the boys from the girls  
in Grade Ten, thanks to long boys' hair and short girls' hair, and black leather  
jackets and jeans.

Gail G. and Carole F. enjoyed the Hi-Y conference in Calgary. What  
kind of letters are you writing, girls?

Seems Elinor Glenn has found out the hard way about mercury—cost  
about \$3.50.

What is the attraction in the boys' drama dressing room, Cliff White?  
Noel and Jo-Ann are both being chased by the "monster".

Is it the big briefcase that's so magnetic, M.W.?

What is the attraction in Red Deer, Beth M.?

Does the name Gary fascinate you, Nancy?

We hear that Ardith is in a great hurry for school to finish as there is  
a strong attraction in Grande Prairie. Girl or boy, Ardith?



## A FRIEND

By EARL BERG

A friend  
Knows when to help and when not to.  
Happy when you are,  
He shares your sorrow.

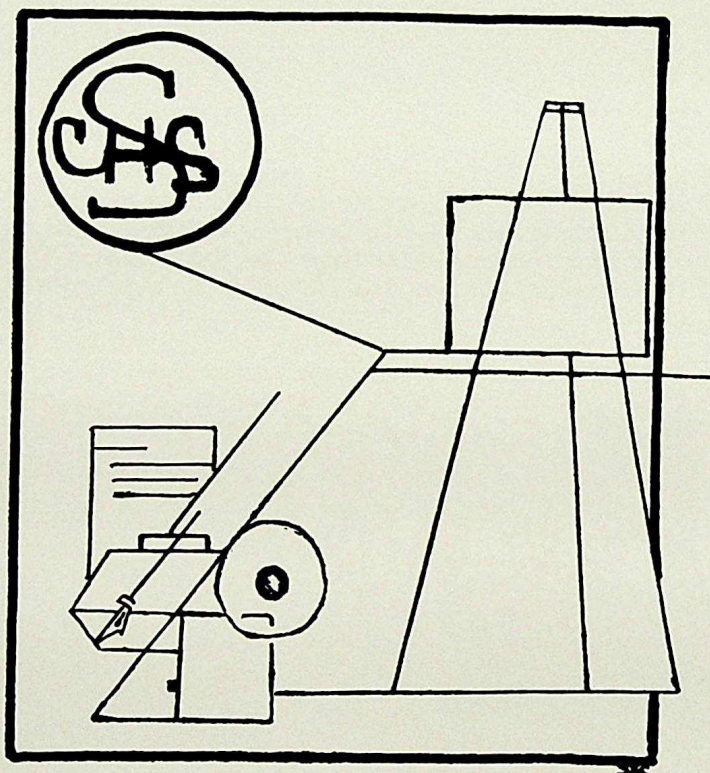
A friend  
Is with you always,  
Sometimes even when long departed.  
His friendship in some ways  
Is like a marriage vow:  
"For better or for worse,  
For richer, for poorer,  
In sickness and in health . . . ."  
His friendship grows  
And sometimes falters;  
These pauses make it stronger.

Your friend can be like or unlike you;  
It matters not his color or religion.  
He cares not about your vices  
And makes sacrifices  
For you, as you for him.

He is your friend  
And you are his.



# Contests



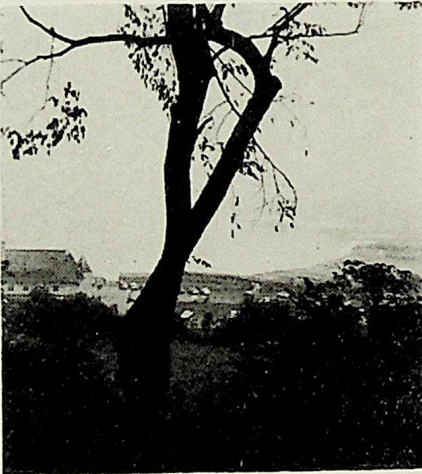


## TRICOLOR CONTESTS

Our contests this year brought forth material of a high standard which speaks well for our talented students. Our chief regret is not being able to publish more of the excellent contributions made. Congratulations are in order for all those whose names appear below.

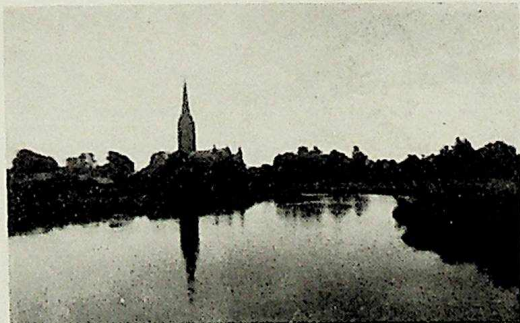
Following are the complete results of the contests, as announced by the panel of judges, Miss Brown and Messrs. Stratte, Rookwood, Briggs and Dubeta, and McDermid Studios (for photography).

- Photography: First Prize—"Spectre" by Drake Hocking.  
Second Prize—"Salisbury Cathedral" by Drake Hocking.
- Art: First Prize—"Dusky Moor" by Sharon Cantor.  
Second Prize—"Blue Vase" by Hannelore Kottke.  
"Still Life" by Alfred Schmidt.  
Honorable Mention—"Dark Star" by Miriam Linden.
- Poetry: First Prize—"Indebted" by Ernest Runions.  
Second Prize—"That Little Face" by Donna Wickstrom.  
Third Prize—"Our Wealth" by Betty Park.
- Essay: First Prize—"Curling" by Richard Olson.  
Second Prize—"A Winter's Night" by Margaret Longhurst.  
Third Prize—"Invasion" by Jane Schell.  
Honorable Mention—"Motor Mahem" by Glen Pillott.  
Honorable Mention—"Paradoxical Progress"  
by Catherine Richards
- Short Story: First Prize—"Revenge is Mine" by Pat Klinck.  
"Lone Hand" by Gary Johnstone (tie).  
Second Prize—"Dawn Shoot" by Garth Valley.  
Third Prize—"The Lost Letter" by Loretta Kyle.  
Honorable Mention—"The Race" by Clifford Bristow.  
Honorable Mention—"Decision" by Kathy Moore.  
Honorable Mention—"The Player" by Don Knowles.  
Honorable Mention—"The Wonderful  
O'Kellys" by Emily Chase.  
Honorable Mention—"The Scale  
Near the Station" by Pat Olson.  
Honorable Mention—"Mrs. Blakeney's  
Book" by Margie Longhurst.



Drake Hocking captured the only two prizes award in the Photography Contest with "Spectre" (above) and "Salisbury Cathedral" (right).

## PHOTOGRAPHY





# CURLING

First Prize in Essays

By R. OLSON

Curling, a game of Scottish origin, is played by eight players, four to a team (I use the words "team" and "players" advisedly because discretion is the better part of valor). These players, in turn, throw heavy round stones, with an offset handle protruding from the top, at two sets of concentric circles separated by a long sheet of ice. Thousands of everyday successful men (and women too, if you please), usually quiet, peaceful, law-abiding citizens, armed with long-bristled brooms proceed to sweep in a reciprocating motion in front of the rocks to entice or dissuade them to go in a desired direction. Encouraged by their lethal weapons, they revert to savagery as they re-enact some ancient tribal dance of grunts, groans, threats, supplications and wild girations, climaxed by either cries of despair or extreme elation.

The rules of the game are simple. They are as follows: (1) the rock shall be thrown at the circle—not at the opponent, (2) the broom is not to be used as an offensive nor defensive device but only for cleaning and sweeping the ice; (3) the opponents shall not be tripped; (4) the shouts, cries, oaths and curses shall be directed at the rocks—not at the opponents (this rule was inaugurated to protect the opponent from violating rules one and two).

The new curler is often mislead by the terminology of the game. To start him off correctly, I wish to outline a few of the more difficult terms such as: (1) to "draw" means to throw the rock into the concentric circles. It does not in any way pertain to firearms. (2) The "knockout" does not designate picking up a rock and proceeding to send an opponent into oblivion with a sharp blow to his cranium (to our less educated friends, cranium means head). Rather it is the shot in which you endeavor to remove the opponents' rock from the house (previously referred to as concentric circles). (3) In sweeping, the broom is held in a comfortable position and is drawn rapidly back and forth in front of the rock so as to encourage it to go where the skip wishes. (4) The name given to the leader of the team is "skip". For one to become a skip takes much practice. He must be able to encourage the rock with melancholy coos (and censored mumbles) as well as to be able to out-yell the opposing skip. With these tips, you, the beginner, may obtain a broom and a pair of rocks, tune up your vocal chords, throw civilization to the winds and join the thousands of "players" as a curler.

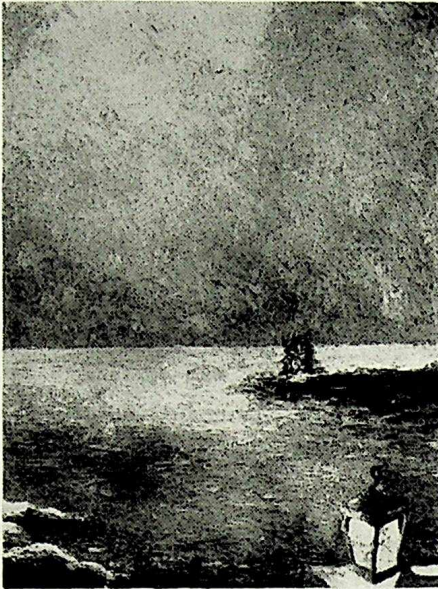
This game his not yet gone as "modern" as others such as golf, where motor carts have been adopted to save on walking, but at the pace that curling is gaining in popularity, I expect the brooms to go back to their conventional use of sweeping floors, because electrical outlets will soon be provided in the curling rinks for electric floor polishers and vacuum cleaners to relieve the curler from the arduous task of sweeping. Besides, the vacuum cleaner would be an invaluable asset in absorbing the noise, and in perfecting the draw. It would also eliminate the smaller competitors.





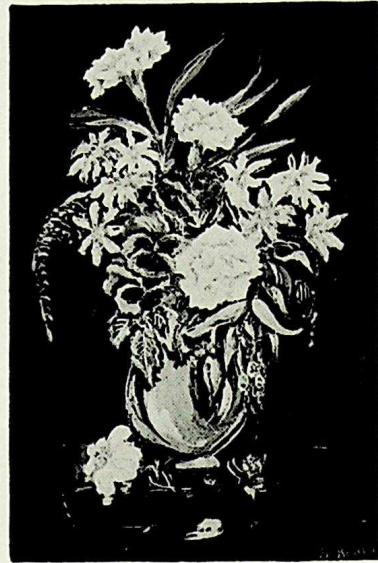
## ART

First Prize



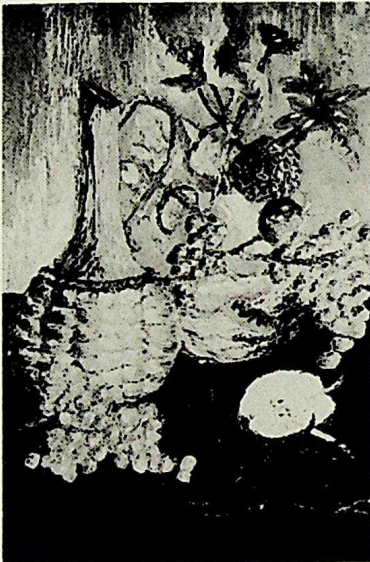
"DUSKY MOOR"  
By Sharon Cantor

Second Prize



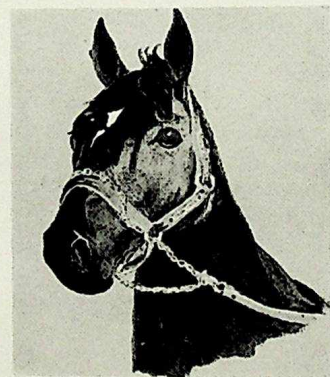
"BLUE VASE"  
By Hannelore Kottke

Third Prize



"STILL LIFE"  
By Alfred Schmidt

Honorable Mention



"DARK STAR"  
By Miriam Linden



# INDEBTED

First Prize in Poetry)

By ERNEST RUNIONS

Savonarola!

You

are

gone the way of Huss.

Hanged and burned—

your ashes

scattered

now throughout the atmosphere, and

your bones

dumped

into

the

Arno.

But what noble freedom you have given us!

For who but you

and Huss,

and Jerome,

and Wycliffe

inspired

Brother Martin Luther?

They called you severe:

and so you were.

They called you a heretic:

and so you were—for you dared

to preach

against Pope Alexander VI.

And so they burned you with your brethren,

Fra Girolamo, your example,

set fire to Europe,

for you encouraged Luther:

And to Luther we may trace our freedom.

Fra Girolamo Savonarola,

to you

we

are

indebted!



## THAT LITTLE FACE

Second Prize  
By DONNA WICKSTROM

To compensate for hates that sear.  
Make soft the hard spots of life's  
    race

A wondrous beam of radiance clear  
She smiled at me, That Little Face.

When sore depressed, and all looked  
    drear.

And weary with life's rapid pace  
She broke the spell, and in its place  
She smiled at me . That Little Face.

She smiled at me. That Little Face  
So fresh, so full of heaven's grace  
A radiant light dispensing cheer,  
That lifts my hour to higher  
    sphere.

## OUR WEALTH

Third Prize  
By BETTY PARK

The blind man has his ears to hear,  
The deaf his eyes to see,  
The rich man has his wealth and health,  
No thanks to God gives he.  
The lame have eyes to see the earth,  
And ears for birds above.  
These are nature's finest things,  
That teach us how to love.  
For beauty lies above, below  
The path on which we walk;  
And birds and bees express themselves  
For those who cannot talk.  
And now we two will walk the road  
That our forefathers tread,  
And live a life of happiness  
Until all life is dead.



# SHORT STORIES

## REVENGE IS MINE

First Prize (tie) in Short Stories  
By PAT KLINCK

The golden prairies lay in the sun; the indolent luxury of their waving gold mocked the war, ridiculed its twisted ideas. At the door of the white farm house, Mrs. McIver looked at the calm blue sky, wondering what the sky was like in Germany, wondering with a sense of foreboding where her son was . . .

Somewhere over Germany, a plane spiralled down, twisting, turning, vainly seeking the supremacy of the skies which it had so recently known. And in another farm house, not so different from the Canadian one, stood another mother. She watched the helpless plane with a sense of gloating satisfaction. Then turning to the pad on the wall, she added to a row of marks, still another.

Day sank and night came to erase the stains of fighting and quieten the troubled earth. Mrs. Schmidt turned from covering the windows. She was a tall, amply-built woman who moved with the slow, easy grace of one who has always taken her time. There was a hesitant knock; cautiously she opened the door. Before her stood an airman in Canadian uniform, staggering and tired. He looked as though he had walked for miles.

"My plane," he said in halting German, gesturing over his shoulder in the direction of the wreck. Mrs. Schmidt looked at him in amazement. Here before her stood her own private hatred asking her for shelter. A hatred which, well, it really didn't look despicable at all. She reached out and took him in.

Ah, Hans! A small, but very wicked thought slipped into her mind, as she helped the airman across the spacious farm kitchen. By the light of a flickering light in the back room, she dressed the wounds as best she knew how, with some help from the airman himself. Then he seemed to have passed out and she looked at him wonderingly. He couldn't be very old, perhaps twenty-three. Long blond hair and a carefree face lined with "happiness crows' feet". His hands were strong and capable, good hands, perhaps a farm boy like Hans had been. Hans! Perhaps this was the chance to avenge his death, but this feeling that she ought to help him—. Bah! Hadn't the radio said this morning that the English were killing all their



German prisoners? Hadn't they urged everyone to surrender all the prisoners, who had treated their sons and husbands so cruelly? Of course she would do it.

He struggled to rise, but fell back when he saw her. "Oh, mother," he sighed, "I'm so tired." Mrs. Schmidt looked at him in amazement.

Why, she hadn't counted on his having a mother! A mother who could very well be worrying about him just as she had for Hans. Why, how could she kill a thing who had someone loving and caring for it? She looked at him again. He really didn't look so different from Hans and his friends. With a frustrated feeling, she left the room and checking the windows once more, turned out the light. There in the gloom the record-pad looked like a face. It seemed to stare at her like a death's head.

"The last mark will be red tomorrow," she thought gloatingly.

"Why, it completes the eyes," she whispered and with a feeling of self-reproach she exclaimed, half aloud, "What is the matter with you? No wonder your son died. With no father and a weak mother, how could he possibly have used the hatred he needed for war?"

She crawled tiredly into bed and waited for the peaceful unconsciousness that wouldn't come. Why was rest so far away? The frustrated feeling continued even though she tried to convince herself of the morrow's triumph. No more would those eyes remind her of Hans; no more would they bring doubt and self-condemnation.

The dawn came, as it had always come, bringing the fresh promise of life and hope. However, it failed to reach Mrs. Schmidt as she arose that fateful morning. The night had brought no rest and the new day failed to bring the hoped-for feeling of triumph.

"I'm sorry I can't do this more gently."

"That's all right," he smiled. Regarding her intently he said suddenly, "I thought I was home last night, only there was no sister and Marie wasn't there." He paused a moment, half embarrassed, then abruptly changed the subject. "We're on a farm, aren't we?"

Mrs. Schmidt never heard the question. Frustration and a sense of wrong-doing welled up inside her. The sudden sound of loud guttural voices and heavy boots made them both start abruptly. He struggled to rise, but she pushed him back. Straightening her apron and smoothing her hair she turned and walked calmly toward the door. An abrupt rapid series of knocks reverberated through the house.

"All right, all right," she snapped. "I'm coming."

She flung open the door. There stood two soldiers of the German Gestapo.

Ah ha, sweet lady," said one mockingly, "did you add another mark to your pad last night?" The second officer smirked.

"Did you think I would let one of those dogs die within my sight and not mark it down?" she retorted.

The officer nudged his companion and gave him a sly glance. "I can presume then, that you aren't harboring an airman?" he queried.

"Harboring an airman indeed! I wish I could get my hands on one!"

The officers looked at each other and laughed.

"You needn't laugh!" Her voice was harsh. "I would spit on any of them who even dared to approach me!"

"Go back to your reveries, old woman. He couldn't have gone far. With this they turned and left. The imprint of their hobnail boots was left in the grass.

She started to call them back, but hesitated. Inwardly she cursed herself, but in the midst of this self-denunciation a small voice seemed to speak, "Hans would be proud of you."

"Why, yes, he would," she thought, "war and hatred were never a part of him." Suddenly she felt better than she had in months. With new sprightliness in her step, she returned to the back room.

"They're gone," she announced proudly.

The airman smiled. "I don't think it matters now," he replied.

Mrs. Schmidt looked at him closely. A strange palor had set in and the clean bandages were blood-stained. With a feeling of horror she rushed to his side. "But you can't die, not now," she said fiercely, striving to make him feel the necessity for living.

"It's all right, mother. But I have one small request." Mrs. Schmidt listened humbly. "While I was in Britain a German pilot was shot down. I tried to save him and did everything I knew how, but he died." He looked out the window. "His name was—Schmidt, Hans Schmidt. He asked me to try to contact his mother. I guess I won't be able to keep my promise. He was so young, mother."

He fumbled in his pocket. Mrs. Schmidt reach over and removed the object. With a start she recognized her crucifix.



"This was his. He said to give it to his mother along with this." He gave her a slip of paper. Mrs. Schmidt looked at it closely. It was a page from a Bible. The paper was smudged but she made out the letters.

"Revenge is mine, sayeth the Lord." Mrs. Schmidt broke into ragged sobs.

It's all right, mother. It is . . . just . . . another . . . glorious . . . adventure."

## LONE HAND

First Prize (tie) in Short Stories

By GARY JOHNSTONE

I was roasting frozen K-rations on the bleak, ravaged land near Seoul when the kid arrived, late in the afternoon. It had taken two days to come from Nagasaki, partly because of the rice wine blues and partly because I had to stop at H.Q. The smell of the rations convinced the kid, I guess, for I could see he had half a mind to camp alone, after looking me and my environment over.

"Hi," I said when he was closer. "Sit down and take a load off your feet."

He was a tall boy, just under twenty, and he carried himself with that shoulder-square, head-up, stomach-in stance that identifies a boot. Maybe I had it once, I don't remember.

His helmet was new and shiny, his face showed where he had scraped the fuzz. His uniform was neatly pressed and his pack was full.

I didn't have anything except salt to go with the rations, so when offered biscuits, coffee and chocolate, it was welcomed. I thanked him and he just waved at the K-rations on his plate and said, "We're even."

Then we stuffed ourselves and I felt good because it was the first full belly I'd felt like packing since I stopped boozing at Nagasaki. The kid gave me a cigarette—he just held it out and said, "Here!"

I figured him, then. He was one of the young ones trying so hard to be a man that he had to give, but hated to take. He had decided that men gave and kids took. I had known a lot of them like that. There had been a dozen of them in my platoon when we were Stateside. I could tell that this kid was the kind that carried it too far. He wanted to be a man so bad that he wouldn't take anything from anybody—not friendly advice, a good idea, not even a brotherly pound on the back like when friends get too inebriated.

He smoked his weed real manly—locked in his mouth, while I dragged on mine slowly because American cigs were scarce. When he just about finished he said, "I'm going to Seoul."

"Me too," I answered. "Just call me Sarge. Sergeant Jim Danley, by rights."

"I'm Eddie MacLafferty."

"We c'n go in together, I guess," I said.

He took another look at me in the firelight, and another glance at my clothes. He was seeing a ragged, old man with two weeks' growth, more grey than brown, a battered mud-encrusted helmet and an old M.-1 Garand.

We rode through, shell-ravaged, the next morning. About noon we stopped and made some coffee and Eddie showed me some "fancy shooting" with his new model Colt automatic, firing five slugs into a man-thick stump about seventy-five feet away. I checked the pattern. You could cover his slugs with two hands, if you had large hands.

I walked back to our little fire and hauled out my Smith-Wesson .38. I fired six slugs and said, "I think you'll find my patch smaller than yours, though I shot slower. I watched you. Don't shoot for the man as a whole, shoot for a pinpoint."

Eddie drank some coffee and grunted, "Huh."

"You ought to try it," I went on gently. "It's got something to do with your eyes—look at something big and you can miss by a foot. Look at something small and you can miss by an inch, but if you always look small you'll never miss big."

I knew he was listening and storing it away, but he said, "Now I'll tell you something, Sarge. You shot six times and emptied your gun. I left one slug in mine. You shouldn't do that with a stranger around in wartime."

"You're right, Eddie, but you wouldn't hurt me anyhow."

He began to reload and I pulled the German Luger, souvenir from the North African campaign, from my jacket. "But I had an ace, Eddie, and you took your eyes off me long enough for me to play it."



The boy's eyes opened wide and a minute later I could see the red creeping up his neck. He sulked and didn't speak to me until we reached Seoul. Eddie paid for our supper so I thought I'd better pay for the drinks but Eddie said, "No". I shrugged. It made him feel good and saved me some dough.

We wandered into some saki joints and finally found ourselves in some bamboo shack in the slums. Several men were in a quiet poker game and Eddie had been watching them. "Want to play some cards, Sarge?"

I studied the players; local citizens of this part, not a sharpie in the group. What interested me was the stakes. I wondered where they could get all this dough. "Might do to pass some time."

We strolled over and they made room for us without comment or introductions in the manner of born gamblers. A heavy chin-whiskered man with an effective looking .45, was raking for the house. "Good evening, gentlemen, one and five dollar. Seven card. No check and raise. Everyone deals. You can . . ."

Eddie said softly, so that it was hardly an interruption, "We've played before."

The big man flicked his eyes at him and said no more. I wished Eddie hadn't interrupted; you can always learn something by having a man talk. I pulled out my lonesome fiver and a young corporal beside me said, "Want change, pop? That won't last long."

"Let the old joker alone," Eddie said as he pulled out a wad you could expect from Rockefeller.

What he said hurt me a little, not the "old joker" but the way he interrupted the corporal who was just trying to be friendly. Eddie wouldn't listen or wait for anybody.

These regulars were tight players. They dealt the seven card stud: two down, four up, last one down. Our first two hands lasted only until someone showed he had something good, then everyone promptly got out.

The deal passed to Eddie. He handled the cards smoothly but not with familiarity. On the fourth card everyone had dropped out but Eddie, the big guy and the corporal. You could see why with Eddie showing an ace, two, four and five of diamonds, the big guy with three tens showing and the corporal a pair of aces and three spades.

The pot was big already, because of the raises when each card was turned. Now chin-whiskers said, "Fifty dollars," and pushed in the greens.

"I thought you said five dollar limit," Ed yelled.

"You didn't let me finish; last card no limit."

Eddie hesitated, the look in his eyes told me and maybe the others that he had the three of diamonds for the straight flush or a high flush.

"Last card is no limit," drawled the corporal, "and let me tell you, we don't get to the last card often, because these guys play it tight."

"I play 'em tight myself," said Eddie. "See the fifty and up a hundred."

There were soft grunts of surprise. The young corporal's ace, five and six of spades were no threat because the others had discarded a lot of low spades.

The corporal called and chin-whiskers upped it two hundred. There were about three thousand dollars in the kitty now. Both men raised again and the young corporal threw in his rifle, watch, lighter and cigarette case. Eddie's pile of money was almost gone when the big guy said, "I'm not going to clean you out, son, I call."

Eddie was real excited and happy. He rolled his three of diamonds. "I got her cinched up tight. Straight flush."

"No good," the big man declared, "I got five tens." He turned over the remaining ten, eight and joker.

Young Eddie froze like a wet shirt in a January wind: I felt sorry for him. These guys played with a joker in the deck and any five of a kind was the one hand to beat a straight flush.

"Five of a kind, hell!" I heard Eddie growl. "You ain't giving me the gears. That pot's mine."

"My hand won fair and square," the big man answered, and his voice was quieter and steadier than Ed's.

"You pulled a snow-job on me."

"Watch what you say, you dealt them."

"How'd I know you had a joker?"

"What am I supposed to do, tell you my cards?"

"I'm taking the pot," said Ed as he reached for the pot.



"Don't." The big man was issuing an order, not a threat. It could have been talked out, but what followed happened in a split second.

Eddie yanked out his Colt. The big guy kicked back his chair and fell backward at the same time, shouting "Don't" again.

By rights, Eddie might have killed the big man. The boy's new automatic came up, out, and boomed before the older man even got to his feet. I would have shot at the big man's eye—although I wouldn't have been shooting at all—but Eddie shot at his head and the slug went wild.

Chin-whiskers was no gun artist. When he hit the floor, his .45 went slithering across the room. He landed on his back, rolled to his left, dragging out a wicked looking little .25 cal, single-shot pistol. Eddie leaned over the table and shot once into the floor where the big guy had been, before the bullet from the .25 caught him in the stomach.

The boy fell across the table and died slowly—slow enough for chin-whiskers to hold him up and say, "My God, son, I'm sorry. Hang on, we'll get you to the doc."

He kept talking encouragement to the kid until the boy became a dead weight in his arms. The old man took it like an ancient person who respects the gift of youth. "This didn't have to be. He didn't know. Why'n hell wouldn't he listen?"

The corporal, with the determination of a gambler, flipped over Eddie's remaining cards, which had stayed on the table during the action and death caused by them. "Well I'll be . . . he beats me for low. I can't even beat a dead man."

I stared at the six of clubs he exposed. The game was high-low with a joker and Eddie's six-four low won half the pot—beating the corporal's six-five.

The big man—his name was Clarence Zingler—asked me again, not expecting an answer, "Why wouldn't he listen?"

"Some of 'em won't. You know that."

"I wish I could have talked to him."

After we buried him I turned to the young corporal and said, "I got your gun, watch, lighter and cigarette case. You can have them back if you promise me one thing."

The young fellow blew on his hands, as the wind howled, "What's the promise?"

"Always listen to advice, no matter what old joker is talking, hear him out!"

He looked at the mound. "I promise."

## DAWN SHOOT

Second Prize in Short Stories  
By G. W. VALLELY

His father said, "All set, Jerry?" He nodded quickly, trying to avoid his mother's gaze. She leaned forward, though, forcing him to look at her across the table. "Jerry, you haven't eaten anything yet."

"Don't fuss over him, Barbara," his father grumbled. He drank his coffee and put the cup down.

Jerry's mother smiled and began to clear the table. "Next time you go duck-shooting I'll not be up at crack of dawn to make your sandwiches and your breakfast. You can do it yourself."

His father got up and put on his outdoor clothes. He said wistfully: "He's too excited to eat. Wish I were his age again and getting ready to shoot my first duck. You're luckier than you realize, Jerry."

Jerry got up and began to put his haversack on. Although it was warm and snug in the kitchen and near freezing outside, he was in a hurry to leave. He picked up his gun awkwardly due to his heavily mittened hands and then walked to the door to join his father.

Outside, they stood for a moment, breaths white in the icy air. In front of them was only flatness; not a house, not a tree, nothing but marsh, water and sky.

Usually, Jerry would have been pleased by these bleak arrangements and would have asked his father to wait while he took a shot with his camera. But this was the morning, solemn and sacred, when he was to be initiated into the mystic rites of duck-shooting.

This was it, and he hated it. He'd hated it since his father had bought him a gun and promised to take him to the island in the bay where the shooting was the finest in the country.

He hated it, yet he was determined to do it. He loved his "Dear old Dad," wanted more than anything his approval and admiration. If he did well this morning, he knew he would get it.



Plodding now across the marshland, he recalled his father telling his mother, after his first lesson, that he had great co-ordination and timing, which he must have got from his old man.

It was said jokingly, but Jerry knew what was behind it: his father's disappointment that his son was not an athlete. Disappointment that Jerry preferred photography to football, music to boxing. His father never showed it openly but Jerry knew it was there.

They came to the blind, a narrow pit facing the waters of the bay. There was nothing in it but a wooden shelf for shotgun cartridges. Jerry sat down while his father waded out and placed decoys.

Light was pouring into the sky now, and far down the bay a flight of ducks flew by and Jerry's stomach turned over.

To ease himself, he took his camera from his haversack, and took a picture of his father in the water. Suddenly it occurred to him that his father wouldn't approve and he quickly replaced the camera in his haversack and picked his gun up.

His father returned and dropped in beside him, boots dripping, hands blue with cold but eyes bright with a glow of anticipation. "Better load up. Sometimes they're here before you know it."

He watched Jerry do as he asked, quickly but correctly.

"I'll let you shoot first," he said, "and back you up if necessary. Just take your time. Don't think about anything." He loaded his own gun. "You know," he said happily, "I've been waiting a long time for this. Just the two of us, out here on the marshes. We—"

He broke off, and leaned forward. "There's a small flight now, coming this way. Four—no, five! They'll come from left to right against the wind. Keep your head down; I'll give you the word."

Jerry kept his head down. Behind them the sun cleared the horizon, flooding the marshes with light. He could see everything with unbearable clarity; his father's face, the gun barrels, the brown thatch covering the blind. His heart beat wildly. "No," he prayed, "don't let them come. Stay away, please!"

Still they came. "Five!" his father whispered. "Keep still!"

Jerry kept still. He heard the whistle of wings as they flew in, circling.

"Get set," his father whispered again. "They're coming in."

In they came, gliding towards the water spotted with decoys. Down they dropped. Closer, closer.

"Now!" shouted Jerry's father. "Take him! Take the first one!"

Jerry's body obeyed. He stood up, leaned into the gun the way he had been taught. He felt the stock cold against his cheek, saw the twin barrels rise. Under his finger the trigger curved, smooth and deadly.

At the same instant, the ducks saw them. Up went the leader as if worked by a string, like a puppet. They hung there, poised, balanced between life and death.

"Now," cried his father, "now!" He waited for the explosion.

It never came. Up went the leading duck, higher still, until he whirled away, out of range, out of danger, out of sight.

There was no sound, then, except the rustle of the grass. Jerry stood there, gripping his gun.

"Well," his father said finally, "what happened?"

Jerry didn't answer, his lips trembled.

His father spoke again. "Why didn't you shoot?"

Jerry pulled the safety catch back and placed the gun carefully in the corner of the blind. He looked at his father.

"Because they were so alive," he said, and burst into tears.

He sat down, face buried in his hands, and he wept. All hope of pleasing his father had gone. He had lost his chance.

Suddenly, his father crouched beside him.

"Here comes another. Let's try again."

Jerry didn't lower his hands. "It's no use, Dad. I can't."

"Hurry!" his father said quickly. "You'll miss him altogether. Here!" Cold metal touched Jerry's hand. He looked up, unbelievably.

His father had taken his camera from the haversack, and was offering it to him. "Quickly! He won't be here all day."

In he came, diving low, and skidding into the decoys.

Straightaway, up he went. One instant he was there, next he wasn't, like a feathered bullet.

Jerry lowered his camera. "I got him!" He laughed. "I got him!"

"Did you? That's good. There'll be more soon." He looked at his son, and Jerry saw there was no disappointment; only pride, sympathy and love.



# THE LOST LETTER

Third Prize in Short Stories

By LORETTA KYLE

The old Ford truck stopped at the junction. The door slammed.

"Take the left fork to Simsonville, sonny," said the driver of the truck.

"Thanks, mister," yelled the boy over the roar of the motor.

The boy stood there until the headlights disappeared down the road. It was dark but gradually his eyes adjusted to the surroundings and he could see the left fork the man had mentioned. He picked up his belongings from the shoulder of the road and started walking toward the town. Soon he could see the outline of the buildings of Simsonville. But looming before him was a large sprawling house, completely dark, with a barn around at the back of the house. He peered cautiously around and then sprinted for the barn. He stopped at the door and pressed his ear against it, listening to see if there was any noise inside. Slipping inside, he closed the door after him and fumbled in his pocket for a match. A brief flare of the match lighted the barn enough to see that there was an old blanket and some straw in the corner of an empty stall. He crawled around on his knees, spreading the straw evenly over the rough floor. Pulling the worn blanket up to his chin, he closed his eyes.

Old Mrs. Appleby came out on the back stoop and swept the dirt from it. Then standing there leaning on the broom she thought how lonely it was since Jim had left for San Francisco. She walked over to the barn with a bucket of oats. Stepping inside the dim barn she saw something in the corner stall. Walking over, she looked down and saw a small dirty face just visible over the blanket.

"Well I'll be," murmured Mrs. Appleby.

Suddenly the boy bolted upright with a look of fright on his face.

"I didn't mean no harm, lady, honest. I'll run errands, anything, if you don't call the cops."

"Why should I call the sheriff, young man?"

He stared at her in disbelief.

"But I broke into your barn and—"

Turning around, she said crisply, "Feed Shiek these oats," and handed him the bucket, "then wash up and don't forget your ears." She didn't wait for any argument on his part but went back to the house.

He stood there as if struck dumb. Then searching about for the pail, he thought to himself—if I feed Shiek she might let me go and—where's that pail? A rustling sound directly behind him made him whirl around and standing there, head dipped in the pail, munching noisily, was a horse. Staring at the horse, he said aloud, "Who said you could have that?" The horse just stared at him in a nonchalant manner, chewing methodically. "Well, since you've got 'em I better go see if I can go."

Mrs. Appleby heard the slamming of the barn door and started to pour the milk on the cereal. There was a creak of the screen door as the boy sidled in.

"I fed him, lady."

"Breakfast is on the table," she said, pointing to the kitchen table in the corner.

He didn't move or say anything, so Mrs. Appleby turned around.

"Well," she said rather sharply.

"Where do I wash up, lady?" he almost whispered.

"My name is Mrs. Appleby and the sink is over there," she jerked her thumb over her shoulder. Mrs. Appleby sat down on the chair and watched him as he made a great display of washing but when he had finished he was no cleaner than when he had started.

"That will do," and thought to herself that she would do a better job on him later.

He came over hesitatingly and stood waiting. Mrs. Appleby was reading the local paper. She pointed to the bowl of cereal. He sat down and started to eat. Unobtrusively she peered around the paper, sizing him up. Could be ten or twelve, city boy, runaway looks like, quiet—but dirty. My but he was dirty. He finished and sat looking down at the empty bowl.

"Can you chop wood?" she asked skeptically. His shook his head. She grunted disgustedly. "Well this is what you're to do and, young man, I mean do it and do it good. I want the barn swept, the yard cleaned, Shiek brushed and then you may go. Quickly now, before I change my mind." He got up and closed the door behind him.

Most of the day Mrs. Appleby cleaned up around the ten-room house. One person living in a ten-room house was ridiculous but years ago it was full. It was full of seven yelling boys and now even Jim, the youngest, was gone. She looked out of the window from



time to time and saw that the boy was doing a fair job on the yard and the barn. Later in the afternoon she decided she would go to Abe's and get some groceries. In the barn she found Shiek was getting a good brushing.

"I'm going to Abe's, you can come along and carry the groceries."

Returning to the kitchen, she put on her hat, took her purse and went out into the yard. She threw a glance over her shoulder to make sure that the boy was coming and started up the dirt road. By the time they had come to Abe's he was scuffling beside her.

"Pick up your feet, young man," she commanded abruptly.

He didn't say anything but followed her up the steps into the store, trying not to scuffle.

"Howdy, Clara," greeted the proprietor, "who've you got with you?" he asked quizzically, peering at the boy.

"Here's the list of groceries I want, Abraham," and handed him the list.

He went behind the counter and got the groceries. He tried again.

"Relative of yours, Clara?" he asked as he put the groceries on the counter.

"I want a pair of pants and a shirt to fit him," she added, ignoring his questions.

Abe sized up the boy and got the clothes. He wrapped them up in brown paper and handed it to her. The boy quickly took some money out of his pocket.

"I'll pay for 'em." Mrs. Appleby ignored him and picked up her parcels.

"Goodbye, Abraham, I'll pay my bill at the end of the month," she said over her shoulder. Abe nodded. Clara was funny that way. She talked to you as if she had no use for you but after forty years you find it's just her way.

The boy stuffed the money in his pocket and ran out of the store after Mrs. Appleby. She handed the parcels to him and they walked down the boardwalk in the direction of the house. As they passed the doctor's office he came out.

"Hello, Clara," the doctor grinned and looked down at the boy, "got a patient for me?"

"Afraid not, just a boy I found sleeping in my barn and I'm making him do a few chores," she said matter-of-factly.

"You're about the healthiest specimen in town, Clara. I certainly never get any business from you. I've got to run. Little Timmy Perkins fell down and broke his leg. Goodbye Clara." He turned, smiling, to the little boy: "I'll see you around, son."

Mrs. Appleby thought, "The doctor really loves children—it's too bad it had to happen about his wife before they had children. I remember it was about eleven years back, Sally (that's the doctor's wife) was a young flighty girl but she loved Eric Scagg—that's the doctor. Everything was fine until that slick city fellow came to town. Sally fell for him and she ran away with him. Never saw her again." Her thoughts were interrupted by something the boy was saying.

"What were you saying, young man?" she queried, looking down at him.

"Isn't this your house?" he ventured somewhat timidly.

"Oh! So it is."

That evening after the boy had a bath (after a long struggle) and put on his new clothes. Since dinner was over they sat in the kitchen listening to the radio and reading old magazines. Mrs. Appleby didn't ask him any questions. She thought that if he wanted to tell her he would. He looked tired so she told him to go to bed in one of the empty rooms not far from her room. Just as she was leaving the room he spoke to her.

"My name is Robbie." She looked around at him.

"Goodnight Robbie," and closed the door softly.

And so their strange acquaintance began. After a week or two Robbie became great friends with Shiek and they would go for long rides in the meadows south of the house. His closest friend beside Mrs. Appleby was the doctor. Mrs. Appleby had cautioned the doctor not to ask Robbie any questions unless he brought the subject up himself. But one Saturday morning as they were fishing at McLaren's pond, the doctor asked why he had come to Simsonville. Robbie was caught a bit off guard but he liked the doctor so he told him.

"My mother made me promise her that I would come to Simsonville when she left. So I did. She gave me a letter."

"Did she say why?"

"No, she didn't say why but she gave—" Just then Robbie got a bite on his line so everything was forgotten. Robbie was so excited about catching the fish he wanted to rush home and show Mrs. Appleby. She was delighted and suggested Robbie go out and clean it and then the doctor would stay for dinner.



That evening after dinner as they were having coffee, the doctor remarked reminiscently, "Sally used to cook like this." Then as if to cover up he stood up. "I'd better go, full day's work tomorrow." He picked up his hat and opened the door. "Bye now, see you Monday, Robbie, and we will go hunting as I promised. Wonderful dinner, Clara."

After he left, Robbie was quiet and when Mrs. Appleby asked him what the matter was, he answered thoughtfully.

"It's the name Sally—I like that name." She looked down at him and smiled.

"It's a pretty name alright. You look tired—run along to bed now"

Three days later, Robbie and the doctor were out hunting as he had promised. They were in the meadow not far from Mrs. Appleby's house. Robbie asked if he could try a shot, so the doctor started to hand the rifle over to him, but just as he did Robbie yelled something.

"Doc, there's the—"

The doctor swung around, lifting up the rifle as he did and in his confusion the gun went off. The boy had been standing quite close and so when the gun discharged the impact knocked the boy to the ground. The doctor dropped the gun and leaped to his side. With a quick examination he saw the bullet had entered the left side of the chest. He was unconscious but still alive. Picking him up carefully, he headed for Clara's house. When he reached the yard he saw Clara was at the door so he yelled to her.

"Boil some water, get some clean bandages and my kit."

He placed the boy on the kitchen table and turned to get his kit, but instead he threw a startled glance at Robbie—it didn't look as if he was breathing—he wasn't breathing—he couldn't go that fast. He straighten up slowly and said dully:

"Never mind Clara."

He sat down heavily and put his head wearily in his hands, saying nothing.

Some time later the doctor related what had happened in the meadow, staring white-faced at the still body.

"Never blame yourself Eric, Robbie wouldn't. The gun went off accidentally and being hit where he was there wasn't much chance of saving him anyway. Now go home and try to rest. I'll do what's necessary."

After he had left, she just sat there staring with a mixture of wonder and horror on her face.

Several weeks later, as Mrs. Appleby was out sweeping the back stoop, a man in an old Ford truck pulled up in the yard. He got out and came over with a letter in his hand.

"A while back I gave a boy a lift to the cutoff. Later I found this here letter down in the seat. I don't get out this way very often so I couldn't bring it before. Could you give it to the boy?"

When she nodded, he handed her the letter. She looked down at the letter in her hand. On the envelope it said, "To be opened by my son Robert Eric Scagg when he reaches Simsonville." In a shaky handwriting the letter went like this: "... and so when you find your father in Simsonville I want you to ask him to forgive me. He's a good doctor, Robbie, a very good doctor, and I want you to love him as much as I do. Your mother, Sally."





## IN APPRECIATION



In concluding another advertising year, I should like to thank those students who have spent their time and efforts assisting in the task of selling advertising for the Tricolor . . . it is by no means a small job.

I sincerely hope that all Scona Comp. students and their parents will remember to patronize these advertisers, who help to make the publication of our yearbook financially possible. Many of them have remained faithful through the years and will undoubtedly continue to do so. Please support these business firms as they have supported us.

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A well-luricated drummer staggered into a hotel lobby, and picked up a pen to register. As he did so an able facsimile of a bedbug crawled across the desk. The drummer recoiled and informed the clerk, "I've been in lots of hotels, and I've been bitten by some mighty smart bedbugs, but —hic—this is the first time one ever came down to see what room I was getting."

▽

Mr. Pimm warns all aspiring new playwrights, "The curtain goes up and two people are out on stage, and somebody better say something pretty d—— fast."

▽

Mr. Olson slipped on the stairs of the Hudson's Bay Company one day. Halfway down, he bumped into a stout lady, who toppled against him, and landed in his lap at the bottom of the stairs. Mr. Olson tapped her on the shoulder and pointed out, "Madam, I'm sorry, but this is as far as I go."

▽

The fattest woman Throat Specialist Sulsberger ever had waddled into his office one afternoon and demanded an examination. The good doctor absent-mindedly said, "Okay, open your mouth, please, and say 'moo'."

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Mr. Morrison started the term off on the wrong foot. He called the boys in period three "Gentlemen".



"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp to the tourist, "I bathed in the spring of '86".



Miss Milbradt: Je t'adore.  
Ilene N. (not understanding French): It isn't open.



Mr. Kruger to Al. Carr: Watts the matter? Wire you insulate?



Mr. Radomsky: "Listen here, you can't sleep in my class."

Sleepy Student: "I could if you weren't making so much noise."



Marlene T. was asked how her visit to the United Nations was. Marlene replied, "Dreadful. It was just crawling with foreigners."



Ron P.: "How good is my credit?"

Mr. Radomsky: "Why?"

Ron: "I want to charge an electroscope."

ASK FOR . . .

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7. Look at the birdie.

8. Where did you get those hats?
9. What are you fellows doin' down there?
10. We three.
11. Miss Scona.
12. Why don't you come up and see me sometime?



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Joan P.: "Who said you could kiss me?"  
?????: "Everybody."

✓

Did you ever hear about the Egyptian  
girl who didn't know right from wrong?  
Now she's a mummy.

✓

First party boy to second party boy: "You  
drive; you're too drunk to sing."

✓

Then there's the sultan who kept his  
harem three miles from where he lived.  
Every day he sent his servant to get him  
a girl. The sultan lived to be eighty-seven,  
but the servant died at forty. The moral  
of the story is: It's not the women that  
kill you, but the running after them.

✓

Doyle B. asked Al P. if he liked blondes,  
brunettes or redheads.  
Al answered: "Yes."

✓

Among those things which are so simple  
that even a child can operate them, are  
parents.

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It was turned down.

The teacher resubmitted the application, this time putting down his occupation as a bulldozer operator.

The application was promptly accepted.

✓

Danny D. knows a man who actually saw flying saucers. He walked up behind a plump waitress in a diner with an extended fishing pole in his hand.

✓

A returned traveler from Wales reports that whenever the train stops at Llanfechpwl-goggerych the conductor simply calls out, "If anybody's getting out here, this is it."

COMPLIMENTS

OF

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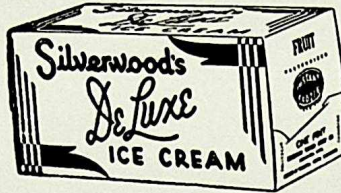


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From the Portland Oregonian: "Tomorrow we may expect strong northwest winds reaching a gal in exposed places."

✓

Headlines like these are what give newspaper editors nightmares:  
Jury gets drunk driving case here.  
Night School to hear pest talk.  
County officials to talk rubbish.  
High school girls learn to fill out their forms.

✓

A couple were registering at the hotel desk where I stopped to pick up my mail.  
"Honeymooners," the clerk said as they left.  
I asked him how he knew.  
He turned the register around and pointed to the signature.  
It read, "Mrs. and Mr. Mayer."

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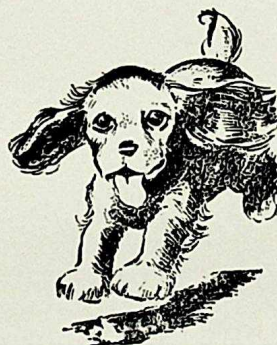
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INCORPORATED 2<sup>ND</sup> MAY 1670

## POETRY ???

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;  
A line of cars winds slowly o'er the lea;  
A pedestrian plods his absent-minded way,  
And leaves this world quite unexpectedly.

## SILLYARITY

Why is a classroom like an old Ford car?  
A crank in front and all the little nuts behind?

Mr. Innis: "Terry, this makes the fifth time I have punished you this week. What have you to say?"

Terry C.: "I'm glad it's Friday."

At roll call in a Russian regiment, it is reported that an officer sneezed and four soldiers promptly answered, "Here".

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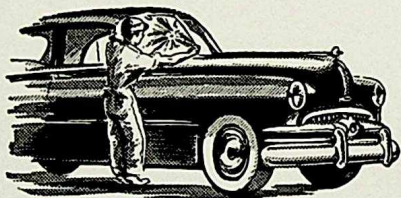
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## *For full information write to:*

Regular Officer Training Plan Selection Board,  
National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa, or:—  
Registrar, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont., or  
Registrar, Royal Roads, Victoria, B.C., or  
Registrar, Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean,  
Saint-Jean, P.Q., or  
The nearest Navy, Army or Air Force  
Recruiting Station



**To be eligible:** applicants must have Senior Matriculation or equivalent. In addition, a limited number of Junior Matriculants will be accepted at Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean for a special preparatory year to bring them to Senior Matriculation standard. Age limits for Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean are 16 to 20, for all others 16 to 21 on 1st January of year of entrance. Applicants must be single, physically fit and able to meet officer selection standards.



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### **ADVICE TO GIRLS**

If people criticize your bathing suit, don't try to laugh it off—you might.

✓

Clerk: "What do you want for a nickle—the earth painted red with a white fence around it?"

Marg. B.: "Let me see it."

✓

A D Pi: "I hear that the administration is trying to stop necking."

Phi Delt: "Is that so? First thing you know they'll be trying to make the students stop too."

✓

Gary V.: "How'd you puncture that tire?"

Scott McL.: "Ran over a milk bottle."

Gary V.: "You didn't see it, huh?"

Scott McL.: "Naw . . . the kid had it under his coat."

✓

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Dot B.: "Is my face dirty or is it my imagination?"

Betty Lou C.: "Your face is clean, I don't know about your imagination."



Mr. Stratte: "What that fiction, Pete?"

Pete McC.: "No, I just made it up."



Cliff N.: "Mr. Pimm, don't you think live chickens would be more realistic in the third act?"

Mr. Pimm: "We have enough hens in the play already, thank you."



The new version of Julius Caesar now contains, "Beware the brides of March."



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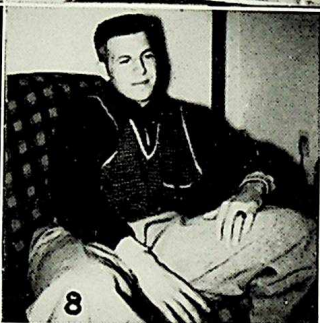
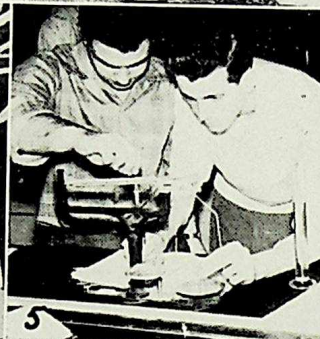
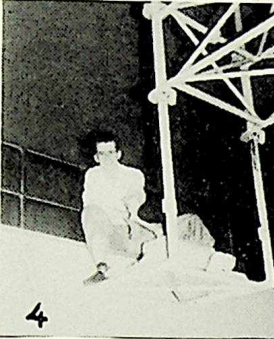
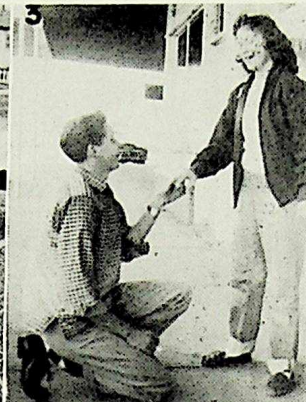
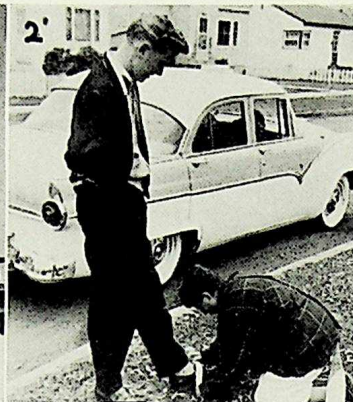
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1. Measuring the basket.
2. Come on, I haven't all day!
3. This is a Frosh?
4. Where do I go from here?
5. Careful, careful.
6. Is he over?

7. What a time!
8. How about an autograph?
9. Carol's little helper.
10. Going down the list?
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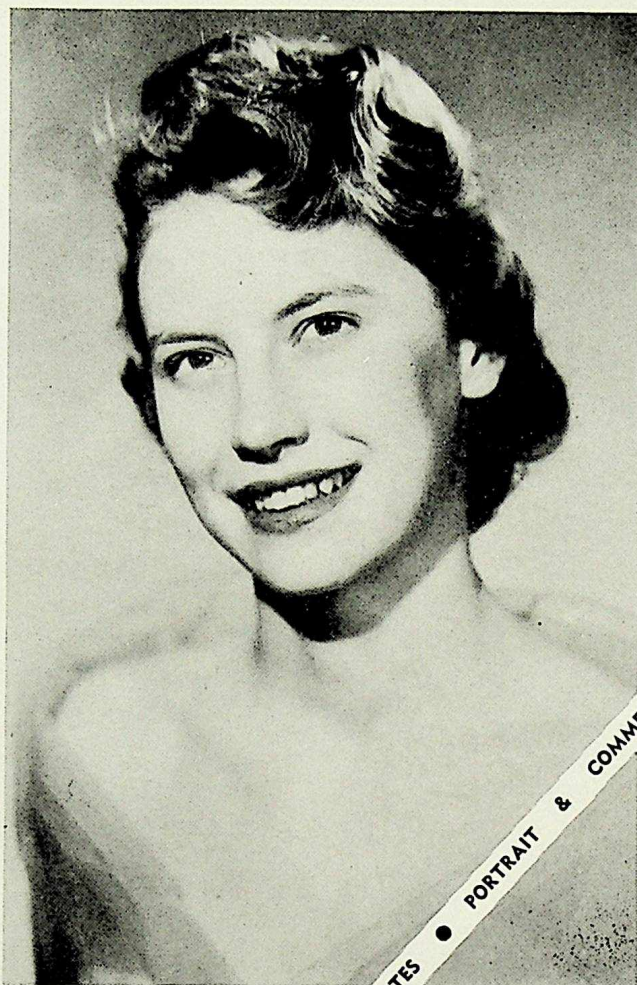
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Mr. Stratte: Your brains are atrified.  
Elaine R. (smiling): Ah—gee—tanks.

Mr. Levy is a handsome, witty, intelligent,  
unassuming fellow.  
I know, he told me.

Ad in the paper: Wanted, position as  
secretary, no bad habits, willing to learn.  
Phone ?????

There was once a man who was trying  
to argue with the bus driver that the latter  
was charging him too much. Finally, after  
an exasperating argument, the driver picked  
up the suitcase and threw it off the bus.  
The man yelled in protest, "Isn't it enough  
that you try to charge me too much on  
the fare? Do you have to kill my son too?"

#### DESTINY—DETENTION

(With apologies to Mr. Tennyson)  
Late, late, late—

For thy grim, grey doors, O School.  
I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts of this tardy fool.

Alas, for my warm cosy bed  
Whence I so reluctant rise.

Alas, the breakfast uneaten,  
Just cause of parents' cries.

Alas, for the car to fix,  
Ablutions and other such chores,  
Which delay the well-meaning soul  
And earn him authority's roars.

Late, late, late.

And the bus glides by,  
Leaving thoughts of detentions  
And many a heaving sigh.

#### THE HAND OF FATE

She was serenely happy,  
He the poor boy was lost,  
She had him in her power,  
He hadn't counted the cost.  
There on his knees before her;  
The rattle of his bones was heard  
"The die is cast," he whispered  
As he breathlessly awaited her word.  
At last the suspense was over,  
He sighed, "I've made it by heaven,"  
For there on his knees before her  
He had rolled a lucky seven.



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# **TUCK**

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 Second Row: J. Merciuk, J. Laschuk, A. Clark, Lloyd Doering, A. A. Doering, C. Bichon, William Fraser.  
 Front Row: J. Frijon, Robert Russel, Jack Mitchell, Len Tanner, Max Hohendorff, Lloyd Greenough, Art Pelletier.



Here is a page on which to mount your own candid snaps, clippings, programmes or what have you, to preserve treasured memories of this wonderful year in Strathcona Composite High School.

"Thank you for  
a pleasant year"  
Marina Duke

"Best Wishes"  
Joy Krueger

Best of Luck  
My love  
Edith Stikeme

"Good Wishes"  
Edith Stikeme

Jennie  
Cortell

Lots of Luck in the  
Future  
Glennie Baird

Best of wishes  
in the years to come  
Jennie Rogovsky

Best Wishes  
Linda Farrell

"BEST WISHES"  
Elizabeth Humphries

"Best of luck"  
Dorothy  
Clark

Marie Kern.

"Best of luck"  
Marlyn Mac Smith



